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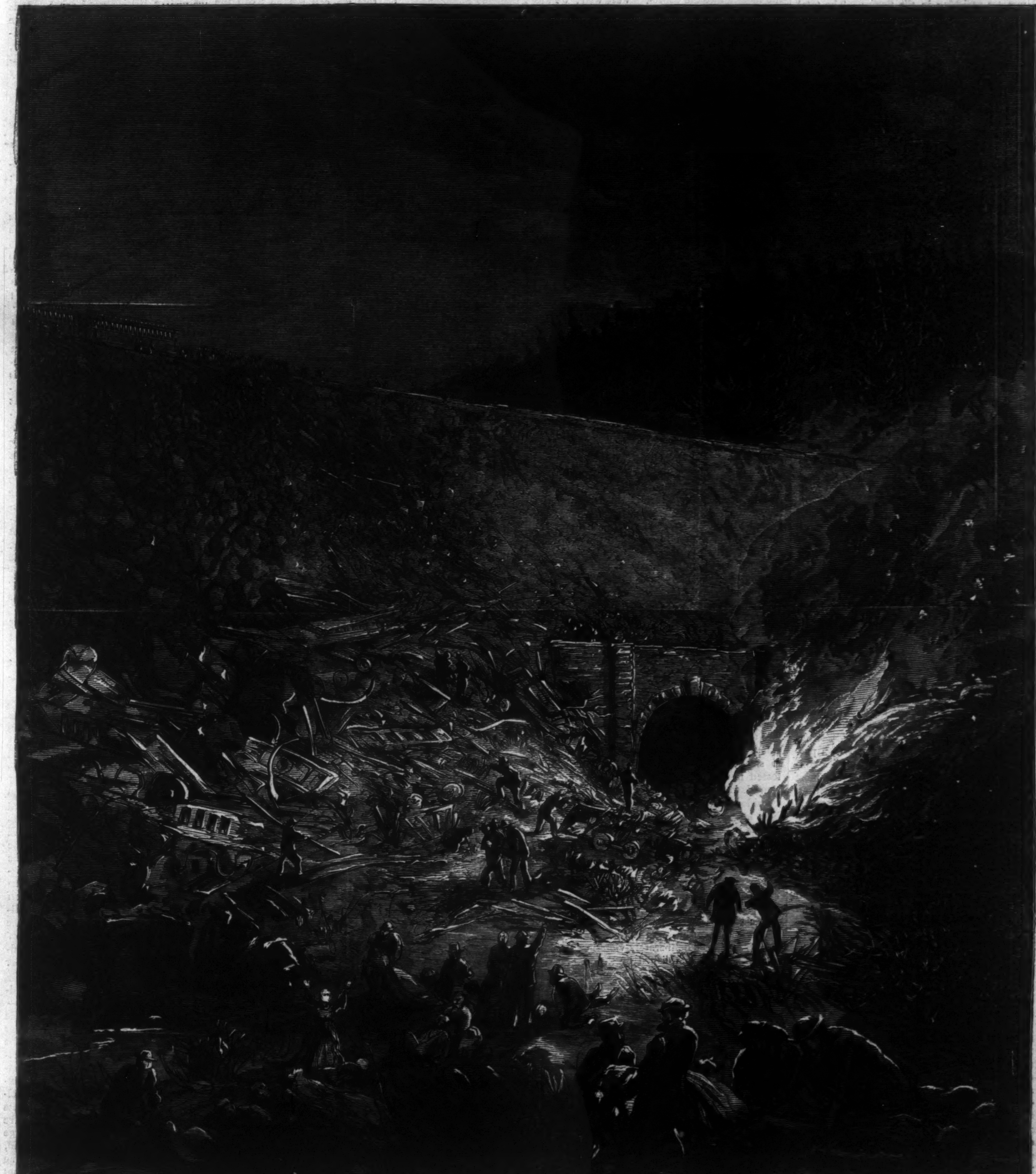


THE ERIE RAILROAD DISASTER—THE WRECKED AND BURNING CARS.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See next Page.]

THE ERIE RAILROAD DISASTER.

Another broken rail and fifty more broken bodies; another insecure stove, another burned car, and half a score of charred remains! The disaster of April 15 on the Erie railroad proves to be only less horrible than that at Angola.

The particulars of the horrible affair show that it was occasioned by fast running of the train to make up lost time. The train was the Buffalo express, due in New York at an early hour of the morning, and at the time of the accident was forty minutes behind time. It was running at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and in going around a sharp curve at Carr's Point the four cars at the rear were thrown from the track and down an embankment of 100 feet into a stream below. The curve runs along the edge of a bluff, the slope of which is marked by jagged rocks. The first car which went over the embankment appears to have plunged headlong from the road-bed to the bottom of the hill and to have been crushed with its living freight in the fall. The others rolled down the hill and the *débris* was scattered down the slope of the hill. The third car plunged into the creek, and the fourth was entirely consumed, many of its wounded inmates perishing in the flames. The total number known to be killed reaches twenty-six, but it is believed that others have been burned to death. The wounded number sixty-three, and many of them are so badly injured that they can hardly survive.

There is little doubt that the cause of the accident is the same as that which led to the Angola disaster—the breaking of a defective rail. The engineer of the train deposes that this was the cause of the disaster.

Our engraving on the first page represents the scene immediately after the occurrence of the accident and while the car was yet burning.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 2, 1868.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LAW.

THE counsel for the President occupied two weeks in offering testimony. But the moral evidence was already in. For three years the country has had the Executive in full view, and we presume no one who seriously wishes that the legitimate results of the war shall be secured, has supposed that such a result would be possible while a man who is doggedly bent upon committing the political power in the late rebel States exclusively to the late rebels is in the Executive chair. Yet he ingeniously avoided committing the technical overt act which would bring him by the letter as well as by the spirit wholly within the constitutional conditions of impeachment. Consequently the country, willing to impeach, did not demand impeachment. It was felt to be better to endure to the end of his term, and then replace him by a loyal, intelligent Magistrate, who would co-operate with the representatives of the people, instead of thwarting them upon every opportunity. But, as often happens to men in his position, the President's cunning sophisticated and betrayed him. He deliberately violated the law. Instantly public opinion assented to the constitutional remedy. The dominant party in Congress, which in December had emphatically refused to impeach, in February promptly and unanimously presented articles of impeachment.

The public interest in the trial has been unflagging. Its daily progress has been most carefully studied, and its significance can not be overestimated. That amidst the profound agitations, acrimonies, and party heats that necessarily follow a civil war, the Chief Magistrate of the nation can be tranquilly tried with perfect assent upon his part, and with entire conformity to the fundamental law, is the most signal illustration of the advance of civilization. There is nothing that would so mark the actual gain of political society in the perfect supremacy of law, and nothing, consequently, that would so essentially weaken every government resting upon privilege and force as, after trial and conviction, the peaceable deposition of the President and the quiet progress of the Government. It would then appear that whether the head of the Government be assassinated or legally removed, the political structure does not rest upon a person, but upon all the people, and that the system is not even jarred by any personal fortune.

The President's defense has been wholly conducted by Mr. Stanbery, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Evarts, and with a decorum and dignity equal to their ability and befitting the gravity of the cause. The case for the Managers has been mainly intrusted to General Butler. His skill, coolness, promptitude, and knowledge have been conspicuous; but, unhappily, his want of tact and courtesy and his peculiar training in the courts have been not less so. Inevitable as we believe the result of the trial to be, we can not but think it has been often harmed both by the manner of General Butler and by the method of conducting their case adopted by the Managers. It was desirable, within proper limits, to allow testimony, in so exceptional a case and before so exceptional a tribunal, to take a wide range, and it was therefore a mistake to contest every point with the pertinacity of a criminal lawyer in a doubtful trial. The Senate, however, wisely resolved not to make any stringent rule upon the subject, deciding that it was better to settle each question of admissibility as it arose.

The effort of the defense was to prove that the President acted under competent advice, and that his design was simply to test the constitutionality of the law. This was the substance of the contest upon the admission of the testimony of General Sherman and of the Cabinet. The President's counsel evidently hoped to show that the chief officers of the army were of opinion that Mr. Stanton should be removed for the good of the service, and that the President acted only after consultation with the Cabinet and for the highest public welfare. General Sherman's evidence was at last admitted. But, of course, whatever the General might have testified that the President declared, the declaration itself could not be of the least importance. On the 22d of February the President removed the Secretary of War. On the 1st and the 31st of January he told General Sherman that he wanted to remove the Secretary merely to bring the matter into the courts. Very well; we are then obliged by the President's antecedents and character to ask whether his word upon such a point must necessarily be trusted; whether we believe his sole object was what he declared it to be; whether his dispatch to Governor Parsons, for instance, or, in fact, his whole career, does not reveal an animus which forbids the theory that he was merely an honest magistrate troubled about the validity of a law. Or, again, supposing that he wished to thrust Secretary Stanton out and an agent of his own in, for the purpose of organizing opposition to the laws, would he be likely to announce it to the Lieutenant-General? Would he not, of course, declare that his purpose was as pure as purity?

During the discussion upon admitting this evidence Mr. Evarts made a very remarkable observation! He said that he hoped the case was not to turn upon "the mere formal technical infraction of the Tenure-of-Office Act. In other words, he hoped that the President was not impeached for violating a law, and he went on to say that the defense hoped to prove that the President had done nothing against the public welfare with bad motives and improper purposes. This is a very remarkable observation, because it assumes that it would not be impeachable for the President formally and technically to violate a law unless his motives could be proved to be bad. From such an opinion we wholly dissent. Indeed the essential point of the trial is just here. We have often stated it, and it should be constantly borne in mind. If the President, after having constitutionally objected to a law which has been constitutionally passed over his veto, still continues to urge that veto and makes it operative by formally and technically violating the law, under whatever plea and for whatever purpose, he usurps a function which the Constitution does not assign to him, and which wholly supersedes the express Constitutional authority of Congress to nullify his veto, and he consequently changes the form of the government.

That is the very head and front of this case. For if the violation of one law may be justified, if "the mere formal, technical infraction of the Tenure-of-Office Act" is of no consequence, provided the Executive pleads a Constitutional doubt, then his plea of a Constitutional doubt must equally justify him in a formal and technical infraction of every other act and of every law upon the Statute-Book. Such an argument excuses him from obeying any law until he has chosen to bring the question of its validity before the Supreme Court, and until the Supreme Court has chosen to decide. It is no answer to say that there are some laws that can be tested in no other way. For it is better that some laws should not be tested than that the President should be permitted to decide what laws he may violate under plea of testing them. Nor is it sufficient to offer to show that there was no bad motive. A Dictator may have no bad motive; but the President, even with the best intentions, can not be suffered to become Dictator. If the Tenure-of-Office Act was a law, it was binding upon the President with all other laws. If Mr. Stanton stood within the terms of the law and the President removed him without consulting the Senate, the President is guilty of deliberately violating the law. If this shall be established by the Managers—and it seems to us as plain as any proposition can be—and the President be acquitted by the Senate, its decision will confirm him as Dictator.

The elaborate effort of the defense to show purity of motive seems to us useless. The Senate did wisely in admitting a reasonable number of declarations of the President that he had nothing but the noblest purposes in view, for really there is nothing else for him to say, except that Mr. Stanton is not within the law. We are glad to know all that we can of the President's communications to men like General Sherman, and as little as possible of his orations to correspondents with note-book in hand. We know that the Cabinet thought the law unconstitutional. His counsel with the utmost ability will present his case. It is clear that the Senate is as candid and upright a tribunal as any impeached officer could desire. Its conduct from the beginning shows that it means to do justice. But we shall await with curious interest the argument that shall attempt to prove to the Senate of the United States that President Andrew Johnson, in the present condition of the country and with his notorious sympathies, associations, and hopes, may at his pleasure formally and technically violate the laws.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

The *Independent*, which has long been an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Chase, and has insisted upon his being the candidate of the Republican party, now "recalls its nomination." The *Tribune*, also, which has warmly supported Mr. Chase, now speaks as if General Grant were already virtually the candidate. It may be assumed, therefore, that the nomination of the Chief Justice, which we suppose that he and many of the leading Republican managers ten months ago considered to be certain, is now formally abandoned. Of this we can not be sorry. With all our admiration of the ability and political consistency of Mr. Chase we have always felt that his successful candidacy was not desirable because of the lamentable precedent, and also of party considerations not now necessary to describe. When Mr. Chase ascended the Supreme Bench, he should have left political aspirations behind him. That he did not do so alienated the sympathy of very many of his sincerest friends who knew that the real interests of the country required his presence in the Court quite as much as in the White House. The Supreme Court was prostituted during the supremacy of slavery in the Government to the basest partisan purpose. The Dred Scott opinion, which was not properly speaking a judgment of the Court, was all the baser from that very fact. It was an effort to smirch the purity of the ermine which served to show that the profound national demoralization had reached even the Judiciary. Mr. Chase's succession to Mr. Taney marked of itself a new and better day. Nothing has obscured the brightness of the promise but the known desire of the Chief Justice for the Presidency. That, we suppose, is now at rest; and a career quite as illustrious as that of President lies before him if he chooses to embrace it.

We say suppose, for the *Independent* in recalling its nomination says, "the fact is now evident that Mr. Chase no longer links his political future with the Republican party." This seems to imply that the Chief Justice still cherishes political hopes; and if he has separated himself from the Republican party it would seem that he can expect to fulfill those hopes only by the aid of the Democrats. But if, as the *Independent* says, Mr. Chase is still faithful to his principles of equal rights he can certainly not look for promotion to a party which derides and tramples upon them. Either, therefore, he has no political hopes, or he expects to gratify them in a new party. The rumors that the Chief Justice could be a Democratic candidate we have treated with the good-natured contempt they deserve. The party whose really strongest candidate is Mr. Pendleton, a repudiating secessionist, could hardly adopt Mr. Chase as a compromise.

But the remark of the *Independent* has more than a mere personal interest. If the *Independent* is not mistaken, and Mr. Chase, one of the earliest and ablest and most consistent of Republicans, really no longer links his future with that party, it must be because he believes its principles or its policy are unequal to the situation. But its principles are peculiarly his principles; those which the *Independent* specifies. And its policy grows naturally out of them. It is a policy of equal suffrage, and nobody has more strenuously urged it than the Chief Justice. Certainly he can not suppose the Democratic party to be equal to the emergency, because its principles are confessedly hateful to him, and its policy is the legitimate growth of such principles. There remains only the supposition that some new party is to arise with principles and policy sufficient to the situation. But nobody would accuse Mr. Chase of supposing that either of the two great and only parties of the country would disband upon the eve of a Presidential election.

We are forced to the conclusion, then, by the *Independent's* article, that if the Chief Justice, as it implies, still cherishes political aspirations, and has separated his future from that of the Republican party, it is not because he prefers the principles and policy of the other party or disapproves those of his late associates, but either because he fears that certain prominent Republican leaders will defeat the Republican policy, or because of a mere personal disappointment. Either of these conclusions is disagreeable for any friend of Mr. Chase. It can not be supposed that he does not know that his withdrawal from a party whose principles and purposes he approves, because of dislike or distrust of certain leaders, is a virtual betrayal of the cause; while his desertion of a party he approves because it will not nominate him for President, is a stain that would cling to his name forever.

We prefer to believe that the *Independent* misapprehends the Chief Justice, and consequently, without the least ill-intention, misrepresents him. The position in which it places him is intolerable for any honorable statesman. Less than a year ago the Republican policy was declared, and Mr. Chase and many of the most ardent Republicans anticipated his nomination by the party. Nothing essential has meanwhile changed except the probability of the Chief Justice's nomination; yet the *Independent* thinks he has separated himself from the party. We say that the inevitable conclusion of the *Independent's* statement is so discreditable to a statesman whom we have always sincerely honored, that we prefer to believe it mistaken until it gives us something more than a general assertion.

IRISH CHURCH REFORM.

It is evident that the British Parliament has determined to abolish the establishment of the English Church in Ireland, and the resolution is an illustration of what we are accustomed to call the instinctive British good sense. It is also remarkable as being one of those positive and radical measures to which British legislation is, we might almost say, upon principle, averse. And it shows, therefore, how profoundly impressed Parliament is with the necessity of prompt and vigorous reform in Ireland. Even Mr. Lowe, the champion of middle-class conservatism in England, raises his voice from the cavernous depths of Adullam, and declares that the foundations of the Irish (English) Church are rotten; and that the living Church of England is tied to the dead Church of Ireland. It is founded, he says, upon injustice; it is barren; "cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" The London *Times*, whose principle is the voice of the majority, calls the Irish Church the cancer of the empire. Its abolition as a state establishment it hails as the dawn of a new day for the empire; and this amusingly ardent accessory *after* the fact exclaims with edifying unction: "The wrongs of ages are to be ended, and right done amidst the acclamation of the nation. This must guarantee peace." Unquestionably, if the wrongs are to be ended.

But the argument for the abolition is no plainer now than it always has been. The delight with which the reform of the system is hailed is no more remarkable than the perversity with which it has been maintained. It was one of those self-evident follies of administration which perpetually accuse human sagacity. If any thing is known it is that enthusiasm for their church is deepest among an ignorant people of a passionate temperament; and that nothing among such a people so intensifies this enthusiasm as to be at once conquered and to see their religious faith despised by the conqueror. The dream of political union under such circumstances might be expected in Bedlam but not at St. Stephens. Yet this has been the situation of Ireland while England has been impatient and indignant, alternately wonder-struck and horror-struck by Irish disloyalty. And the church question has been but one of the Irish perplexities.

In Ireland, according to Mr. Lowe, out of one hundred of the population, seventy-eight are Roman Catholics, nine are Presbyterians, and twelve belong to the Irish Protestant Church Establishment. The Protestant bishopric of Limerick, for instance, has a population of 394,562, of which only 11,122 belong to the Established Church. For his care of this portion of the population the bishop receives £4000, and his clergy £12,000 more. But the 383,440 persons are wholly ignored by him and his clergy. There are two ecclesiastical chiefs in Ireland. One is Archbishop Trench, of the Established English Church, who is the spiritual head of twelve out of every hundred of the population; the other is Cardinal Cullen, who is the Roman Catholic Primate and the spiritual head of seventy-eight out of the hundred. Archbishop Trench ranks above the Lord High Chancellor, the head of the magistracy of the kingdom; Cardinal Cullen has no state *status* whatever. Archbishop Trench receives £6569 a year from the state; Cardinal Cullen does not receive a penny. The clergy of the Archbishop are recognized as of good society; those of the Cardinal are regarded as "idolatrous priests." The social barrier is thus added to the religious.

While this was and is the incredible absurdity of the ecclesiastical situation in Ireland—namely, the whole body of the native people passionately attached to what they consider their precious, persecuted church, while the church of the stranger is fondled and supported by the Government—the tone of the Protestant authorities has been taunting and exasperating. Mr. James Godkin, a very intelligent and sensible writer upon these subjects in the *Fortnightly Review*, to whom we have been before indebted, quotes from the charge of the English Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, who, as he says, kicks the Irish by remarking "that it was a righteous judgment of God that the Roman Catholic Priesthood, whose property was confiscated, should, like the unfaithful branch of the family of Aaron, 'crouch for a morsel of bread.'" And again: "Should the

British Parliament consent to degrade the weaker sister church in Ireland to a level with the Church of Rome, as a recognized teacher of the people, it will spit in the face of the English Church, who must share in the degradation which the other suffers."

That any sensible Englishman should have supposed such a preposterous situation could continue without an almost hopeless alienation seems inconceivable. Mr. Gladstone properly describes it when he says: "The situation of Ireland is this: you have had the guarantees of personal liberty suspended for three years, and the country is in possession of an enemy and a police force organized as an army. That is a state of things in which the power of this country keeps down the elements of disaffection, sedition, and disloyalty in Ireland. Is that a condition in which it is safe for this country to continue?" But it has continued until Ireland is in sentiment more than ever a foreign and hostile nation. The effort at reconciliation begins tardily, but with apparent heartiness. Yet it is but a beginning. As Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright both agree, the chief concern of England for many a day must be Ireland.

THE ERIE RAILWAY MASSACRE.

The Erie Railway Company is morally guilty of the late frightful massacre upon that road. We mean exactly what we say. The train was running at extraordinary speed upon what is naturally the most dangerous part of the road, a shelf upon the side of a precipice; a rail broke, and four cars were thrown down the cliff. One of them, a sleeping-car, took fire, and was consumed. More than twenty persons were killed upon the spot, either instantly or with the sharpest agony, and the list of wounded is appalling. Now in a late report the Superintendent of the Road says:

> "We have passed through three months of unusually severe winter weather, and moved more than an average winter tonnage, with the road-bed frozen solid as a rock, the rails incased in snow and ice, so that it has been impossible to do much in the way of repairs; the iron rails have broken, laminated, and worn out beyond all precedent, until there is scarce a mile of your road, except that laid with steel rails between Jersey City and Salamanca or Buffalo, where it is safe to run a train at the ordinary passenger-train speed, and many portions of the road can only be traversed safely by reducing the speed of all trains to twelve or fifteen miles an hour, solely on account of the worn-out and rotten condition of the rails. Broken wheels, rails, engines, and trains off the track, have been of daily, almost hourly, occurrence for the last two months, caused mostly by defective rails. Fully 1000 broken rails were taken from the track in the month of January, while the number removed on account of lamination, crushing, or wearing out was much greater. February will show a still worse record than January. The condition of the iron at the present date is such as to give me much anxiety and apprehension for the safety of trains. We can not and do not attempt to make the schedule time with our trains; nearly all lose from two to five hours in passing over the road, and it has been only by the exercise of extreme caution we have been able thus far to escape serious accident."

This was the report of the officer who was intrusted with the general care of the road subject to the control of the Directors. Yet upon the most perilous part of this perilous road, upon which the speed of all trains should have been reduced, in the judgment of the Superintendent, to twelve or fifteen miles an hour, the engineer testifies that the train was running at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The conductor testified that he had lost time which he has liberty at certain seasons of the year to make up at his discretion, and that he does not think it dangerous "to run twenty-five miles an hour around that place." But whatever the conductor may think the Directors knew what their agent the Superintendent had reported, and they could not without the most guilty negligence have omitted to forbid the running of trains beyond a certain speed. That they had not done so; that they had permitted conductors to use their discretion in rushing trains to make up time over a road upon which the condition of the iron gave the Superintendent much anxiety and apprehension for the safety of all trains, is in evidence. The coroner's jury very properly found that "the occurrence in our opinion might have been avoided, had the train run at less speed, owing to the unsafe condition of the road."

The Directors of the Erie Railway deserve the moral reprobation of the community. Had they been in any degree as solicitous for the proper condition of their road and for the safety of the passengers whom they entrapped into their trains as they have shown themselves for the personal advantages that might arise from speculating in the stock, this horrible catastrophe would not have happened. Without the least knowledge of any of the persons who compose the direction of that road, we warn the public that no man can travel over it until that direction is changed without criminal disregard of the most common precautions for personal safety. The present direction, unless it can show that it had issued all orders for running trains in conformity with the startling revelations made by the Superintendent, and that it had been zealously relaying the whole track with the best material, and had established the most thorough supervision of every mile of the road, has proved itself shamefully and culpably incompetent for its duties. The catastrophe was no more unavoidable than the heating of the axle of a private carriage, which no competent coachman ever allows to happen.

The Legislature is in session, and we hope that it will do something to protect the public against the mingled rapacity and neglect of railway management. Instead of debating whether an issue of stock shall be legalized, let it decide that travelers shall not be recklessly massacred. Such events, which are constantly recurring, not only smite hundreds of families with unconsolable sorrow, but they bring the principle of our society into contempt, by showing that individual enterprise is not conscientious enough to be trusted with the management of great public highways and the public safety. If the State Senate would appoint a committee to investigate with authority this latest accident, to extend its inquiries to the whole subject, and to report at the next session some system of securing a fair chance of safety for travelers by railroads, it would do the State as real a service as if it granted a million of dollars to build other roads to be managed like the Erie road.

WEST POINT.

The record published by General Cullum of the military and other important operations of the graduates of West Point constitutes the best defense of that institution which could have been made. It appears that over 2200 cadets have graduated from 1802 to and including the class of 1867. Among the names not distinguished in war we observe those of Sylvanus Thayer, long the head of the Institution; of Robert P. Parrott, who devised the Parrott gun; of George W. Whistler, the celebrated railroad engineer, lately employed in Russia; and of Alexander D. Bache, one of the ablest representatives of science which this country has produced.

Washington in his message of December, 1793, against the expressed opinion of Jefferson, recommended what Jefferson called a military academy. "I opposed it," says Jefferson in his diary, "as unconstitutional. Hamilton and Knox approved it without discussion. Randolph was for it, saying that the words of the Constitution authorized Congress to lay taxes, etc., for the common defense might comprehend it. The President said he would not choose to recommend any thing against the Constitution, but if it were doubtful he was so impressed with the necessity of the measure that he would report it to Congress, and let them decide for themselves whether the Constitution authorized it or not. It was therefore left in."

In May, 1794, Congress expressed itself favorably to the Constitution In 1796 Washington again presented the subject to the attention of Congress. But it was not until March, 1802, that West Point was selected for this purpose. Mr. M'Henry, the Secretary of War under Adams, had urged the matter so fully and forcibly in his annual report in 1800 that its organization on a limited scale took place. Jefferson, in 1803, waiving his constitutional scruples proposed an augmentation of the institution and its removal to the then seat of Government, a suggestion which fortunately was not adopted.

It is generally conceded that the great efficiency of West Point is due to the arrangements made during the administration of Mr. Monroe, which extended from March 4, 1817, to March 4, 1825. General Sylvanus Thayer, in July, 1817, then Major, became its Superintendent after having examined the military schools and establishments of Europe, which he visited on the termination of their great conflict, and was the instrument for carrying into full effect the intentions of the Government. In Major Thayer there was a fortunate union of those qualities which produce severe discipline and afford the requisite scope and breadth to military education. Shortly after Major Thayer's appointment John C. Calhoun became Secretary of War, which position he held until March, 1825.

West Point had contributed to the war of 1812 but few officers of great distinction—General Scott was not a graduate—and as Mr. Calhoun had been in Congress during that struggle, and had a mind peculiarly fitted for organization, his first care on entering the War Department was to unite with Major Thayer to place West Point on the best footing possible to enable the country to wage successful war. Mr. Monroe's administration was the last of those that received their impress from the Revolution. It was composed of statesmen selected not because of any partisan tendencies, but for their supposed great ability and tried patriotism. It is not too much to say, that there was unquestioned purity and fidelity and generally a high tone of honor in all the Departments during Mr. Monroe's term, and it is fortunate that West Point received the impression of a new and powerful impulse from that administration. It has been treasured by the Professors—who regard their honor as the brightest jewel—and transmitted to successive classes until it reached the distinguished actors in the last great struggle, in which they conferred renown on the whole country.

If Mr. Calhoun's doctrine of the right of nullification and secession, announced long after his connection with Mr. Monroe's administration, contributed to produce the rebellion, which it unquestionably did, though he claimed that this was not his motive, he had also provided a remedy in elevating West Point into great efficiency. In one of his early reports as Secretary of War he said:

> "It ought never to be forgotten that the military science in the present condition of the world can not be neglected with impunity. It has become so complicated and extensive as to require for its acquisition extensive means and much time to be exclusively devoted to it. It can only flourish under the patronage of the Government, and without such patronage it must be almost wholly neglected. A comparatively small sum expended in time of peace to foster and extend the knowledge of military science, will, in the event of war, be highly beneficial to the country, *and may be the means of its safety.*"

The Chief Engineer in 1822 reported "that the Military Academy may be considered as having been in its infancy until about the beginning of 1818, prior to which time there was but little system or regularity;" and he added, that a large portion of the students "have been under the necessity of leaving the Academy without completing their education." The support given to the institution by Mr. Calhoun, and the powerful efforts of Major Thayer, enabled Mr. Calhoun to speak of the institution in December, 1823, as "*not inferior to any similar institution in any country.*"

The Southern tendencies of Mr. Calhoun were indicated even at this early day by a recommendation to establish another institution of like character in the Southern States; but it is fortunate that the recommendation was not adopted, as both would have been more or less sectional, whereas the important fact that a large number of those educated at West Point from the Southern States remained true to the Union—General George H. Thomas is the most signal instance—proves that the influence of the institution was not as unfortunate as has been often alleged.

A curious examiner into the law of compensation will find in the far-seeing circumspection and sagacity of Mr. Calhoun as Secretary of War, and in the policy of nullification and secession to which he was subsequently committed—the good a partial remedy for the evil—much to interest him in weighing and comparing these different measures. Certain it is that it required the exercise of forethought and diligence at this early period to prepare for a war that happened only about thirty-six years after Mr. Monroe's administration had ceased. The term of Mr. Adams, which succeeded, was not favorable for such improvement, as supplies were rigidly withheld and party-spirit ran high. Nor was the term of General Jackson favorable for that purpose, as he was an improvised soldier, not especially friendly to West Point, and there were other subjects to engage the attention of his Cabinet, arising from the violence of party action during his whole term.

Reflection will perhaps show us that the organization of West Point, on a basis such as would enable the country to conduct war with the highest skill, could have taken place at no period with such advantage as during the administration of President Monroe, and it is to be regretted that General Cullum, in a work so valuable and likely to be so enduring, should have omitted, in his able preface, to trace to their true cause, so far as external management is concerned, the good results in skill and science, and, what is equally important, in honor and patriotism, among the officers of West Point which the war developed, and which have rendered that institution hereafter safe.

It needed a concurrence in both the excellence of the instruction imparted and the peculiar relation of the students to render the efficiency of the institution complete. The cadets instead of paying are paid, and are the subjects of military rule. While in our colleges there is some yielding on the part of their professors to pecuniary interests, such interests as between professors and cadets in no manner interfere with the efforts made at West Point to render military education complete, and to impress upon it a character of nationality.

Mr. DICKENS'S FAREWELL.

After four months of constant travel and public reading Mr. Dickens has said farewell to America. "In this brief life of ours," he said to his last audience in Boston, "it is sad to do almost any thing for the last time, and I can not conceal it from you that although my face will so soon be turned toward my native land and to all that makes it dear, it is a sad consideration with me that in a very few moments from this time this brilliant hall and all that it contains will fade from my view for evermore." The sadness of the parting is shared by all who have ever felt the exquisite spell of his rare genius, and who feel that he is to be classed among the true human benefactors.

There has unquestionably been a certain coolness of feeling in this country toward Mr. Dickens upon the part of many who should be naturally his warmest friends. But we think no one who reads, certainly no one who heard, the frank and manly and generous speech which he made at the Press dinner in New York, will any longer allow the least cloud to chill the ardor of his admiration for one of the greatest humorists and most delightful authors in literature.

His last reading in New York and in the country was almost painfully interesting. His personal suffering which compelled him to keep one foot upon a chair during the evening, and the shadow of the one word which, as he said at parting, had been impending over the whole reading, made the occasion very touching and memorable. Returning slowly after all was ended, and in deference to the enthusiastic applause, to the quaint little table, which was covered with beautiful flowers, in wreaths and baskets and bouquets, he began to speak amidst the profound silence of the vast audience. His voice trembled, and neither he nor his hearers could smile at the little jests. The moment was too solemn. It was the final personal farewell to a great nation of one whose name is familiar and beloved; but whose future life, as he said, "lies over the sea." Mr. Dickens's visit has been both wise and fortunate; and we believe that he will never regret the determination he made to come once more in his maturity to see the country which he had seen and judged as a younger man.

LITERARY.

One of the most graphic and valuable contributions to the history of the war is "New Jersey and the Rebellion," by John Y. Foster. The work was authorized and published by the State, and is a monument of laborious industry. The research which is essential to an accurate work of this kind is enormous; but it has not daunted Mr. Foster, nor cramped his hand. He has written a free, flowing, spirited story of the good part his State took in the good fight, and every Jerseyman, as well as every student of the war, will consult his careful and correct narrative with the utmost satisfaction. The work, a large, handsome volume, is published by Martin R. Dennis & Co., Newark.

"The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," by Henry White, just issued in a solid, handsome volume by the Harpers, is a most admirable historical monograph of a most interesting period. It is a work to which we shall recur, and which we cordially commend to our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT.

The trial of the impeachment of President Johnson was resumed by the Senate on April 15. Certain documentary evidence of minor importance was introduced on that and the succeeding day. A couple of Washington lawyers were examined on the 16th, but little that was pertinent to the case was obtained. On the 17th the defense introduced evidence to disprove the reported language of the President in his Cleveland and St. Louis speeches; and Frederick W. Seward testified as to the practice in regard to the appointment of vice-consuls *ad interim*, showing that such nominations were frequently made as matters of necessity. Secretary Welles testified to having urged the President to ask of General Emory the meaning of the movement of troops in the Department of Washington. On April 17 and 18 the defense offered to prove that the President's Cabinet concurred in the opinion that the Civil Tenure bill was unconstitutional, and that Mr. Stanton and Mr. Seward wrote the message vetoing it. The Senate ruled that the evidence was not admissible. The same day, April 18, the defense closed their testimony, and the arguments of counsel began on April 20.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Legislature of New York has been kept very busy lately. The Erie Railway bill, legalizing the stock issue of $10,000,000, was passed by both Houses, and the Central Underground Railroad bill was passed and the company chartered.

A letter from the Citizens' Association to Governor Fenton reveals the startling fact that our taxes have increased since 1830 at the rate of four thousand per cent., while the population has increased at the ratio of only four hundred per cent.

The New York Senate has passed a bill authorizing railroad conductors to arrest persons. This is for the benefit of pickpockets who infest the cars.

The Lincoln Monument was dedicated at Washington April 15, the third anniversary of the late President's death.

The New York Court of General Sessions has virtually pronounced a sentence of banishment. On April 15 Charles Wilson plead guilty of forgery in having signed the name of W. A. Rice to a check on the Bank of New York, and judgment.

B. F. Rice and Alexander M'Donald were elected United States Senators from Arkansas.

General Meade has decided that the members of the Georgia Legislature must take the test oath.

The Virginia Constitution was adopted by a vote of 51 to 26 on April 17, and now goes to the people for ratification.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Martial law exists in Catalonia, Spain, in consequence of strikes among the workmen in that province.

Bologna, Italy, is indulging in violent trade and labor riots growing out of the dissatisfaction of workingmen; and trades' unions in Italy are to be suppressed.

Russia has hinted that she wants the Alaska purchase money this May.

The Prince of Wales is in Ireland on a "pacification" tour. He made his first public appearance at Dublin on the race-course.

At a meeting of the Gladstone Liberals in London, on April 16, Earl Russell presiding, it was resolved that Disraeli's retention of office after the late vote on the Irish Church question is unconstitutional, and he was politely requested to resign, which he won't do, of course.

The Cretans, aided by the Greeks, are still battling against the Turks.

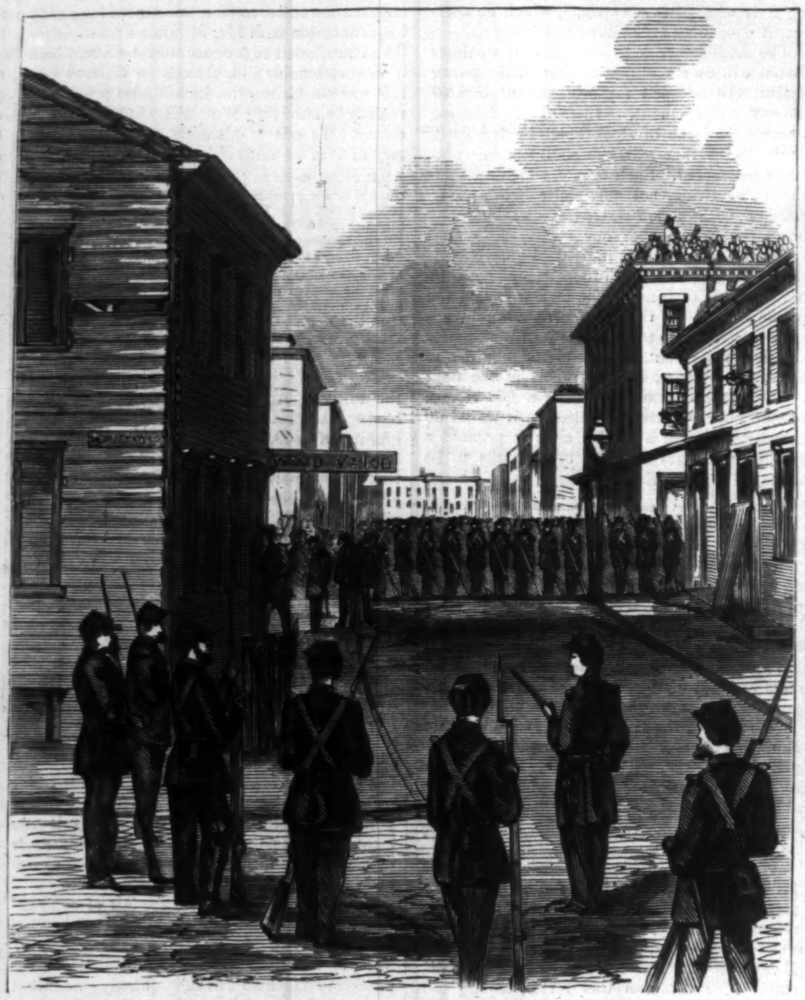
Ex-Governor Eyre, of Jamaica infamy, is to be again placed on trial in London for official acts done during the rebellion of 1866.

The North German Parliament wants to negotiate a treaty with the great maritime powers to secure private property at sea during war, and Bismarck has been directed to open negotiations with that end in view.

The reported capture of Curapaity and Ascencion by the allied forces of Brazil, Uruguay, and Buenos Ayres is confirmed. This probably ends the long protracted war in Paraguay.

THE ILLICIT DISTILLERY RAID.

LITTLE STREET, Brooklyn, in the vicinity of the Navy-yard, has long been held by the Internal Revenue officers to be a very suspicious place; and on April 13 the suspicions concerning it were fully confirmed. On the afternoon of that day Collector E. T. WOOD, with the assistance of a squad of fifty marines from the Navy-yard, made an unexpected descent on the place, and succeeded in capturing a large number of illicit whisky stills. The news of the arrival of the marines, and their warlike demonstrations and movements, ran through the neighborhood like wild-fire, and in a very short space of time two or three hundred people had collected from the houses into the square which was blocked by the marines. On top of the houses, from the windows and doors of the dwellings, scores of people looked down upon the crowd and the soldiers in the street. The mob outside soon swelled in numbers until about 3000 persons had collected, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The mob, however, confined its demonstrations chiefly to howls, only one or two persons being struck or injured. Seven illicit stills were broken up, and the materials destroyed.



RAID ON ILLICIT WHISKY STILLS IN BROOKLYN.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

SERGEANT BATES'S PILGRIMAGE.

SERGEANT GILBERT H. BATES, who was formerly a soldier in a Wisconsin regiment, partly in emulation of WESTON, but principally because he seems to have had nothing better to do, lately made a wager that he would walk in 78 days from Vicksburg to Washington city, carrying the United States flag, and depending entirely on the hospitality of the people of the South for support. The wager has been won. Sergeant BATES triumphantly ended his pilgrimage on April 14. There was no reason why he should not have won the wager if he had any endurance as a pedestrian. The distance is not great; the flag is not heavy; and it has been carried as triumphantly through the same region against greater obstacles than Sergeant BATES appears to have encountered.

The people of the South have made use of the incident to display their enthusiasm and patriotism; but, if we are to credit the story of the Sergeant, the demonstrations seem to have been confined almost exclusively to praises of the course of President JOHNSON and to prayers for their rights.

Our illustration represents the Sergeant passing through Richmond, Virginia. He was received there with much enthusiasm—how genuine it is difficult to determine. The exhibition of loyalty on the part of the Southern people is desirable under any and all circumstances, but their demonstrations in this instance have evidently been the result of a little exuberance of feeling at the presence of this man. We can not forget that WESTON created just as much excitement on a trip of the same nature. And, moreover, it can not but be remembered that, while this stranger was not molested or interrupted on his way, peaceable and worthy men of undoubted and undaunted loyalty, living at the South, were foully and cruelly murdered for their sentiments.

OPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

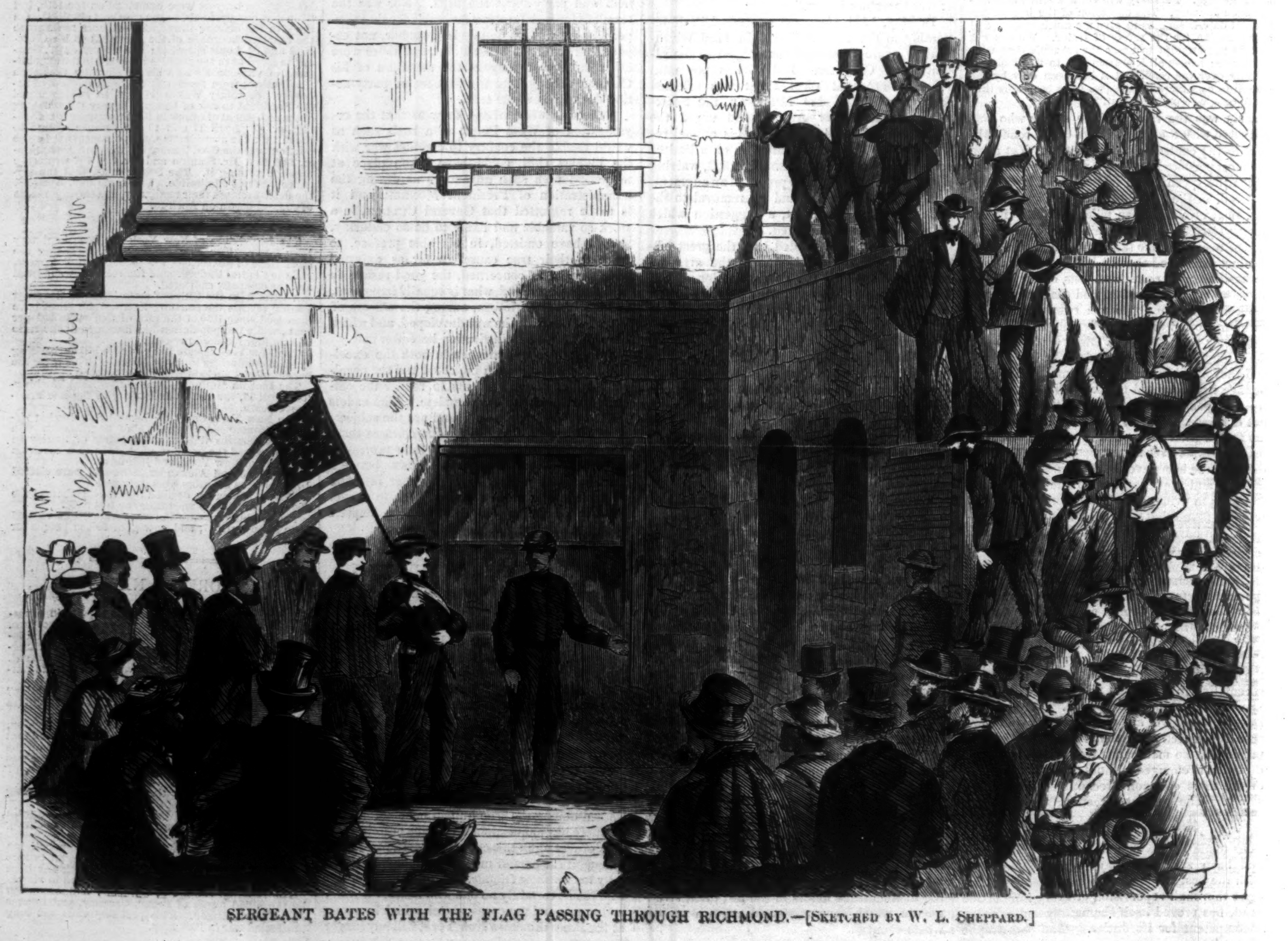
THE forty-third annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, was begun on April 15 by a reception of the invited guests. These private views generally take the form of a *conversazione;* and since the erection of the present art temple they have been deservedly popular. On this occasion the weather was very bad, but it did not deter the guests from attending. Until about nine o'clock the galleries were occupied by a few straggling groups only; and each new-comer predicted that the attendance would be slim, on account of the weather. Soon after nine, however, the assemblage began to increase gradually; nor was it long before the feat of winding one's way through the throng without damaging some wonderful arrangement of drapery or *coiffure* had become almost impossible. In point of numbers, beauty, and elegance, this reception was fully equal to any of its predecessors. Our illustration on page 280 represents the scene within the gallery at the most interesting hour of the reception.

FLYING MACHINES.

IT is obviously the wing of the bird that ought to be studied if ever we are to traverse the air at will; in a thousand feathered forms Nature gives us the hint, though it needs a patient following up before it will be of use to us. It is said that Archytas of Tarento—in the fourth century before the Christian era—constructed a pigeon of wood, which could fly, though if it fell to the ground it could not raise itself again. Friar Bacon, in the thirteenth century, tells us that instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man sitting at his ease and meditating on any subject may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds. In the tenth century an Italian adventurer had visited Scotland, and attempted, by the aid of a set of ample wings, composed of various plumage, to fly from Stirling Castle to France; but he soon came to the ground, breaking his thigh-bone in the fall. A later endeavor was that of the Marquis de Bacqueville, who, in 1742, rose by the help of wings from his residence on the Quai des Theatins, Paris, and directed his flight across the Seine toward the gardens of the Tuileries; but just as he had advanced half-way he appeared to lose all command of his movements, and, falling, had his leg broken by contact with a washer-woman's machine, besides sustaining other serious injuries.

The result thus fruitlessly aimed at on so many occasions may nevertheless, in principle, be one day achieved. The English Aëronautical Society are going to work in the right way; not lending encouragement to wild schemes, but studying patiently the mechanical principles concerned in the flight of birds.

Mr. Butler, a member of the council of the above Society, constructed a pair of wings to operate from the car of a balloon, the downward blow of which was calculated to strike with a force exceeding 40 pounds; but the invention has been abandoned.



SERGEANT BATES WITH THE FLAG PASSING THROUGH RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

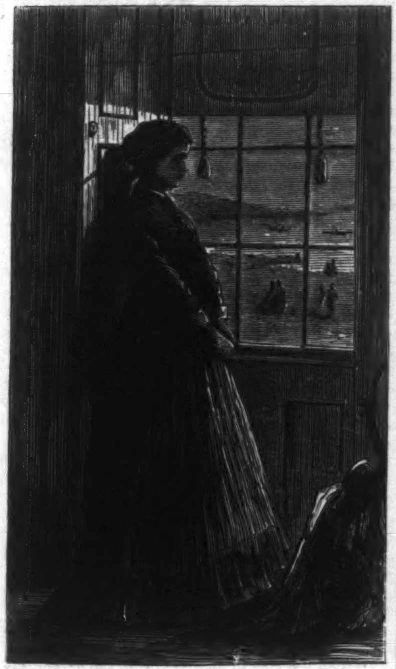
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER VI.

(1.) "Miss Clack presents her compliments to Mr. Franklin Blake; and, in sending him the fifth chapter of her humble narrative, begs to say that she feels quite unequal to enlarge as she could wish on an event so awful, under the circumstances, as Lady Verinder's death. She has, therefore, attached to her own manuscript copious Extracts from precious publications in her possession, all bearing on this terrible subject. And may those Extracts (Miss Clack fervently hopes) sound as the blast of a trumpet in the ears of her respected kinsman, Mr. Franklin Blake."

(2.) "Mr. Franklin Blake presents his compliments to Miss Clack, and begs to thank her for the fifth chapter of her narrative. In returning the extracts sent with it, he will refrain from mentioning any personal objection which he may entertain to this species of literature, and will merely say that the proposed additions to the manuscript are not necessary to the fulfillment of the purpose that he has in view."

(3.) "Miss Clack begs to acknowledge the return of her Extracts. She affectionately reminds Mr. Franklin Blake that she is a Christian, and that it is, therefore, quite impossible for him to offend her. Miss C. persists in feeling the deepest interest in Mr. Blake, and pledges herself, on the first occasion when sickness may lay him low, to offer him the use of her Extracts for the second time. In the mean while she would be glad to know, before beginning the next and last chapter of her narrative, whether she may be permitted to make her humble contribution complete by availing herself of the light which later discoveries have thrown on the mystery of the Moonstone."

(4.) "Mr. Franklin Blake is sorry to disappoint Miss Clack. He can only repeat the instructions which he had the honor of giving her when she began her narrative. She is requested to limit herself to her own individual experience of persons and events, as recorded in her Diary. Later discoveries she will be good enough to leave to the pens of those persons who can write in the capacity of actual witnesses."

(5.) "Miss Clack is extremely sorry to trouble Mr. Franklin Blake with another letter. Her Extracts have been returned, and the expression of her matured views on the subject of the Moonstone has been forbidden. Miss Clack is painfully conscious that she ought (in the worldly phrase) to feel herself put down. But, no—Miss C. has learned Perseverance in the School of Adversity. Her object in writing is to know whether Mr. Blake (who prohibits every thing else) prohibits the appearance of the present correspondence in Miss Clack's narrative? Some explanation of the position in which Mr. Blake's interference has placed her as an authoress, seems due on the ground of common justice. And Miss Clack, on her side, is most anxious that her letters should be produced to speak for themselves."

(6.) "Mr. Franklin Blake agrees to Miss Clack's proposal, on the understanding that she will kindly consider this intimation of his consent as closing the correspondence between them."

(7.) "Miss Clack feels it an act of Christian duty (before the correspondence closes) to inform Mr. Franklin Blake that his last letter—evidently intended to offend her—has not succeeded in accomplishing the object of the writer. She affectionately requests Mr. Blake to retire to the privacy of his own room, and to consider with himself whether the training which can thus elevate a poor weak woman above the reach of insult, be not worthy of greater admiration than he is now disposed to feel for it. On being favored with an intimation to that effect, Miss C. solemnly pledges herself to send back the complete series of her Extracts to Mr. Franklin Blake."

[To this letter no answer was received. Comment is needless.

(Signed) Drusilla Clack.]

CHAPTER VII.

The foregoing correspondence will sufficiently explain why no choice is left me but to pass over Lady Verinder's death with the simple announcement of the fact which ends my fifth chapter.

Keeping myself for the future strictly within the limits of my own personal experience, I have next to relate that a month elapsed from the time of my aunt's decease before Rachel Verinder and I met again. That meeting was the occasion of my spending a few days under the same roof with her. In the course of my visit something happened, relating to her marriage engagement with Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, which is important enough to require special notice in these pages. When this last of many painful family circumstances has been disclosed, my task will be completed; for I shall then have told all that I know, as an actual (and most unwilling) witness of events.

My aunt's remains were removed from London, and were buried in the little cemetery attached to the church in her own park. I was invited to the funeral with the rest of the family. But it was impossible (with my religious views) to rouse myself in a few days only from the shock which this death had caused me. I was informed, moreover, that the rector of Frizinghall was to read the service. Having myself in past times seen this clerical castaway making one of the players at Lady Verinder's whist-table, I doubt, even if I had been fit to travel, whether I should have felt justified in attending the ceremony.

Lady Verinder's death left her daughter under the care of her brother-in-law, Mr. Ablewhite the elder. He was appointed guardian by the will, until his niece married, or came of age. Under those circumstances, Mr. Godfrey informed his father, I suppose, of the new relation in which he stood toward Rachel. At any rate, in ten days from my aunt's death, the secret of the marriage engagement was no secret at all within the circle of the family, and the grand question for Mr. Ablewhite senior—another confirmed castaway!—was how to make himself and his authority most agreeable to the wealthy young lady who was going to marry his son.

Rachel gave him some trouble, at the outset, about the choice of a place in which she could be prevailed upon to reside. The house in Montagu Square was associated with the calamity of her mother's death. The house in Yorkshire was associated with the scandalous affair of the lost Moonstone. Her guardian's own residence at Frizinghall was open to neither of these objections. But Rachel's presence in it, after her recent bereavement, operated as a check on the gayeties of her cousins, the Miss Ablewhites—and she herself requested that her visit might be deferred to a more favorable opportunity. It ended in a proposal, emanating from old Mr. Ablewhite, to try a furnished house at Brighton. His wife, an invalid daughter, and Rachel were to inhabit it together, and were to expect him to join them later in the season. They would see no society but a few old friends, and they would have his son Godfrey, traveling backward and forward by the London train, always at their disposal.

I describe this aimless flitting about from one place of residence to another—this insatiate restlessness of body and appalling stagnation of soul—merely with a view of arriving at results. The event which (under Providence) proved to be the means of bringing Rachel Verinder and myself together again, was no other than the hiring of the house at Brighton.

My Aunt Ablewhite is a large, silent, fair-complexioned woman, with one noteworthy point in her character. From the hour of her birth she has never been known to do any thing for herself. She has gone through life accepting every body's help, and adopting every body's opinions. A more hopeless person, in a spiritual point of view, I have never met with—there is absolutely, in this perplexing case, no obstructive material to work upon. Aunt Ablewhite would listen to the Grand Lama of Thibet exactly as she listens to Me, and would reflect his views quite as readily as she reflects mine. She found the furnished house at Brighton by stopping at an hotel in London, composing herself on a sofa, and sending for her son. She discovered the necessary servants by breakfasting in bed one morning (still at the hotel), and giving her maid a holiday on condition that the girl "would begin enjoying herself by fetching Miss Clack." I found her placidly fanning herself in her dressing-gown at eleven o'clock. "Drusilla, dear, I want some servants. You are so clever—please get them for me." I looked round the untidy room. The church bells were going for a week-day service; they suggested a word of affectionate remonstrance on my part. "Oh, aunt!" I said, sadly, "is *this* worthy of a Christian Englishwoman? Is the passage from time to eternity to be made in *this* manner?" My aunt answered, "I'll put on my gown, Drusilla, if you will be kind enough to help me." What was to be said after that? I have done wonders with murderesses—I have never advanced an inch with Aunt Ablewhite. "Where is the list," I asked, "of the servants whom you require?" My aunt shook her head; she hadn't even energy enough to keep the list. "Rachel has got it, dear," she said, "in the next room." I went into the next room, and so saw Rachel again, for the first time since we had parted in Montagu Square.

She looked pitiably small and thin in her deep mourning. If I attached any serious importance to such a perishable trifle as personal appearance, I might be inclined to add that hers was one of those unfortunate complexions which always suffers when not relieved by a border of white next the skin. But what are our complexions and our looks? Hindrances and pitfalls, dear girls, which beset us on our way to higher things! Greatly to my surprise, Rachel rose when I entered the room, and came forward to meet me with outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "Drusilla, I have been in the habit of speaking very foolishly and very rudely to you, on former occasions. I beg your pardon. I hope you will forgive me."

My face, I suppose, betrayed the astonishment I felt at this. She colored up for a moment, and then proceeded to explain herself.

"In my poor mother's lifetime," she went on, "her friends were not always my friends, too. Now I have lost her, my heart turns for comfort to the people she liked. She liked you. Try to be friends with me, Drusilla, if you can."

To any rightly-constituted mind the motive thus acknowledged was simply shocking. Here in Christian England was a young woman in a state of bereavement, with so little idea of where to look for true comfort, that she actually expected to find it among her mother's friends! Here was a relative of mine, awakened to a sense of her shortcomings toward others, under the influence, not of conviction and duty, but of sentiment and impulse! Most deplorable to think of—but, still, suggestive of something hopeful, to a person of my experience in plying the good work. There could be no harm, I thought, in ascertaining the extent of the change which the loss of her mother had wrought in Rachel's character. I decided, as a useful test, to probe her on the subject of her marriage engagement to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

Having first met her advances with all possible cordiality, I sat by her on the sofa at her own request. We discussed family affairs and future plans—always excepting that one future plan which was to end in her marriage. Try as I might to turn the conversation that way, she resolutely declined to take the hint. Any open reference to the question, on my part, would have been premature at this early stage of our reconciliation. Besides, I had discovered all I wanted to know. She was no longer the reckless, defiant creature whom I had heard and seen, on the occasion of my martyrdom in Montagu Square. This was, of itself, enough to encourage me to take her conversion in hand—beginning with a few words of earnest warning directed against the hasty formation of the marriage tie, and so getting on to higher things. Looking at her now, with this new interest—and calling to mind the headlong suddenness with which she had met Mr. Godfrey's matrimonial views—I felt the solemn duty of interfering, with a fervor which assured me that I should achieve no common results. Rapidity of proceeding was, as I believed, of importance in this case. I went back at once to the question of the servants wanted for the furnished house.

"Where is the list, dear?"

Rachel produced it.

"Cook, kitchen-maid, house-maid, and footman," I read. "My dear Rachel, these servants are only wanted for a term—the term during which your guardian has taken the house. We shall have great difficulty in finding persons of character and capacity to accept a temporary engagement of that sort, if we try in London. Has the house at Brighton been found yet?"

"Yes. Godfrey has taken it; and persons in the house wanted him to hire them as servants. He thought they would hardly do for *us*, and came back having settled nothing."

"And you have no experience yourself in these matters, Rachel?"

"None whatever."

"And Aunt Ablewhite won't exert herself?"

"No, poor dear. Don't blame her, Drusilla. I think she is the only really happy woman I have ever met with."

"There are degrees in happiness, darling. We must have a little talk some day on that subject. In the mean time I will undertake to meet the difficulty about the servants. Your aunt will write a letter to the people of the house—"

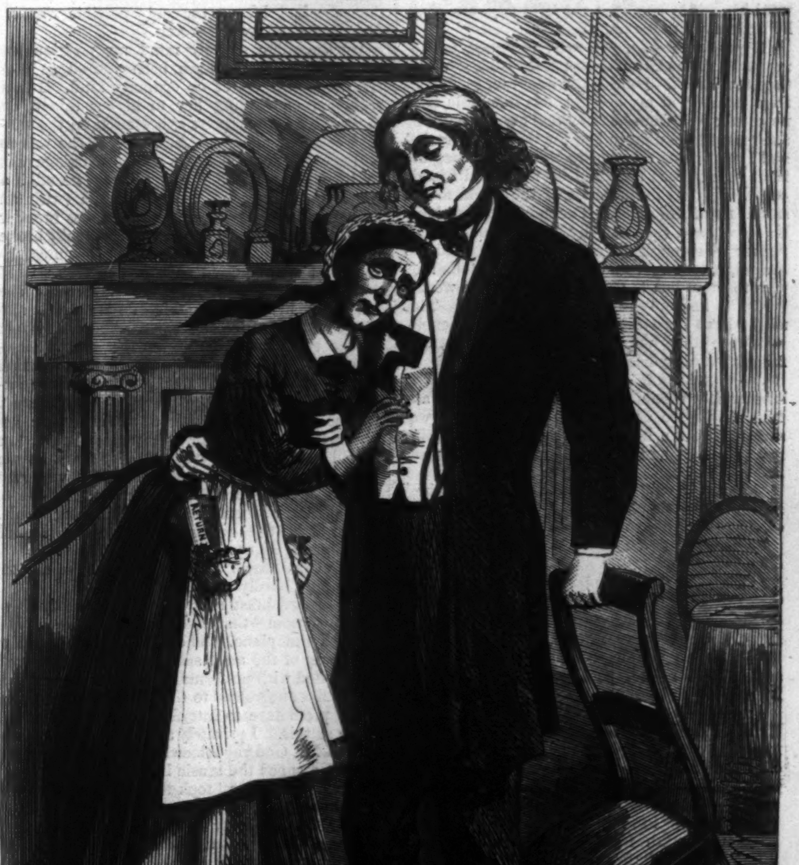
"She will sign a letter if I write it for her, which comes to the same thing."

"Quite the same thing. I shall get the letter, and I will go to Brighton to-morrow."

"How extremely kind of you! We will join you as soon as you are ready for us. And you will stay, I hope, as *my* guest. Brighton is so lively; you are sure to enjoy it."

In those words the invitation was given, and the glorious prospect of interference was opened before me.

It was then the middle of the week. By Saturday afternoon the house was ready for them. In that short interval I had sifted, not the characters only, but the religious views as well, of all the disengaged servants who applied to me, and had succeeded in making a selection which my conscience approved. I also discovered, and called on, two serious friends of mine, residents in the town, to whom I knew I could confide the pious object which had brought me to Brighton. One of them—a clerical friend—kindly helped me to take sittings for our little party in the church in which he himself ministered. The other—a single lady, like myself—placed the resources of her library (composed throughout of precious publications) entirely at my disposal. I borrowed half a dozen works, all carefully chosen



"I DON'T THINK HE PUT HIS ARM ROUND MY WAIST TO SUPPORT ME," ETC.

with a view to Rachel. When these had been judiciously distributed in the various rooms she would be likely to occupy, I considered that my preparations were complete. Sound doctrine in the servants who waited on her; sound doctrine in the minister who preached to her; sound doctrine in the books that lay on her table—such was the triple welcome which my zeal had prepared for the motherless girl! A heavenly composure filled my mind, on that Saturday afternoon, as I sat at the window waiting the arrival of my relatives. The giddy throng passed and repassed before my eyes. Alas! how many of them felt my exquisite sense of duty done? An awful question. Let us not pursue it.

Between six and seven the travelers arrived. To my indescribable surprise, they were escorted, not by Mr. Godfrey (as I had anticipated), but by the lawyer, Mr. Bruff.

"How do you do, Miss Clack?" he said. "I mean to stay this time."

That reference to the occasion on which I had obliged him to postpone his business to mine, when we were both visiting in Montagu Square, satisfied me that the old worldling had come to Brighton with some object of his own in view. I had prepared quite a little Paradise for my beloved Rachel—and here was the Serpent already!

"Godfrey was very much vexed, Drusilla, not to be able to come with us," said my Aunt Ablewhite. "There was something in the way which kept him in town. Mr. Bruff volunteered to take his place, and make a holiday of it till Monday morning. By-the-by, Mr. Bruff, I'm ordered to take exercise, and I don't like it. That," added Aunt Ablewhite, pointing out of window to an invalid going by in a chair on wheels, drawn by a man, "is my idea of exercise. If it's air you want, you get it in your chair. And if it's fatigue you want, I'm sure it's fatiguing enough to look at the man."

Rachel stood silent, at a window by herself, with her eyes fixed on the sea.

"Tired, love?" I inquired.

"No. Only a little out of spirits," she answered. "I have often seen the sea, on our Yorkshire coast, with that light on it. And I was thinking, Drusilla, of the days that can never come again."

Mr. Bruff remained to dinner, and staid through the evening. The more I saw of him, the more certain I felt that he had some private end to serve in coming to Brighton. I watched him carefully. He maintained the same appearance of ease, and talked the same godless gossip, hour after hour, until it was time to take leave. As he shook hands with Rachel I caught his hard and cunning eye resting on her for a moment with a very peculiar interest and attention. She was plainly concerned in the object that he had in view. He said nothing out of the common to her or to any one, on leaving. He invited himself to luncheon the next day, and then he went away to his hotel.

It was impossible, the next morning, to get my Aunt Ablewhite out of her dressing-gown in time for church. Her invalid daughter (suffering from nothing, in my opinion, but incurable laziness, inherited from her mother) announced that she meant to remain in bed for the day. Rachel and I went alone together to church. A magnificent sermon was preached by my gifted friend, on the heathen indifference of the world to the sinfulness of little sins. For more than an hour his eloquence (assisted by his glorious voice) thundered through the sacred edifice. I said to Rachel, when we came out, "Has it found its way to your heart, dear?" And she answered, "No; it has only made my head ache." This might have been discouraging to some people. But, once embarked on a career of manifest usefulness, nothing discourages Me.

We found Aunt Ablewhite and Mr. Bruff at luncheon. When Rachel declined eating any thing, and gave as a reason for it that she was suffering from a headache, the lawyer's cunning instantly saw, and seized, the chance that she had given him.

"There is only one remedy for a headache," said this horrible old man. "A walk, Miss Rachel, is the thing to cure you. I am entirely at your service, if you will honor me by accepting my arm."

"With the greatest pleasure. A walk is the very thing I was longing for."

"It's past two," I gently suggested. "And the afternoon service, Rachel, begins at three."

"How can you expect me to go to church again," she asked, petulantly, "with such a headache as mine?"

Mr. Bruff officiously opened the door for her. In a minute more they were both out of the house. I don't know when I have felt the solemn duty of interfering so strongly as I felt it at that moment. But what was to be done? Nothing was to be done but to interfere, at the first opportunity, later in the day.

On my return from the afternoon service I found that they had just got back. One look at them told me that the lawyer had said what he wanted to say. I had never before seen Rachel so silent and so thoughtful. I had never before seen Mr. Bruff pay her such devoted attention, and look at her with such marked respect. He had (or pretended that he had) an engagement to dinner that day—and he took an early leave of us all; intending to go back to London by the first train the next morning.

"Are you sure of your own resolution?" he said to Rachel at the door.

"Quite sure," she answered—and so they parted.

The moment his back was turned Rachel withdrew to her own room. She never appeared at dinner. Her maid (the person with the cap-ribbons) was sent down stairs to announce that her headache had returned. I ran up to her, and made all sorts of sisterly offers through the door. It was locked, and she kept it locked. Plenty of obstructive material to work on here! I felt greatly cheered and stimulated by her locking the door.

When her cup of tea went up to her the next morning I followed it in. I sat by her bedside and said a few earnest words. She listened with languid civility. I noticed my serious friend's precious publications huddled together on a table in a corner. Had she chanced to look into them?—I asked. Yes—and they had not interested her. Would she allow me to read a few passages, of the deepest interest, which had probably escaped her eye? No; not now—she had other things to think of. She gave these answers, with her attention apparently absorbed in folding and refolding the frill of her night-gown. It was plainly necessary to rouse her by some reference to those worldly interests which she still had at heart.

"Do you know, love," I said, "I had an odd fancy, yesterday, about Mr. Bruff? I thought, when I saw you after your walk with him, that he had been telling you some bad news."

Her fingers dropped from the frilling of her night-gown, and her fierce black eyes flashed at me.

"Quite the contrary!" she said. "It was news I was interested in hearing—and I am deeply indebted to Mr. Bruff for telling me of it."

"Yes?" I said, in a tone of gentle interest.

Her fingers went back to the frilling, and she turned her head sullenly away from me. I had been met in this manner, in the course of plying the good work, hundreds of times. She merely stimulated me to try again. In my dauntless zeal for her welfare I ran the great risk, and openly alluded to her marriage engagement.

"News you were interested in hearing?" I repeated. "I suppose, my dear Rachel, that must be news of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite?"

She started up in the bed and turned deadly pale. It was evidently on the tip of her tongue to retort on me with the unbridled insolence of former times. She checked herself—laid her head back on the pillow—considered a minute—and then answered in these remarkable words:

"*I shall never marry Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.*"

It was my turn to start at that.

"What can you possibly mean?" I exclaimed. "The marriage is considered by the whole family as a settled thing?"

"Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite is expected here to-day," she said, doggedly. "Wait till he comes—and you will see."

"But my dear Rachel—"

She rang the bell at the head of her bed. The person with the cap-ribbons appeared.

"Penelope! my bath."

Let me give her her due. In the state of my mind, at that moment, I do sincerely believe that she had hit on the only possible way of forcing me to leave the room.

By the mere worldly mind my position toward Rachel might have been viewed as presenting difficulties of no ordinary kind. I had reckoned on leading her to higher things, by means of a little earnest exhortation on the subject of her marriage. And now, if she was to be believed, no such event as her marriage was to take place at all. But ah, my friends! a working Christian of my experience (with an evangelizing prospect before her) takes broader views than these. Supposing Rachel really broke off the marriage on which the Ablewhites, father and son, counted as a settled thing, what would be the result? It could only end, if she held firm, in an exchanging of hard words and bitter accusations on both sides. And what would be the effect on Rachel when the stormy interview was over? A salutary moral depression would be the effect. Her pride would be exhausted, her stubbornness would be exhausted, by the resolute resistance which it was in her character to make under the circumstances. She would turn for sympathy to the nearest person who had sympathy to offer. And I was that nearest person—brimful of comfort, charged to overflowing with seasonable and reviving words. Never had the evangelizing prospect looked brighter, to *my* eyes, than it looked now.

She came down to breakfast, but she ate nothing, and hardly uttered a word.

After breakfast she wandered listlessly from room to room—then suddenly roused herself and opened the piano. The music she selected to play was of the most scandalously profane sort, associated with performances on the stage which it curdles one's blood to think of. It would have been premature to interfere with her at such a time as this. I privately ascertained the hour at which Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was expected, and then I escaped the music by leaving the house.

Being out alone I took the opportunity of calling upon my two resident friends. It was an indescribable luxury to find myself indulging in earnest conversation with serious persons. Infinitely encouraged and refreshed I turned my steps back again to the house, in excellent time to await the arrival of our expected visitor. I entered the dining-room, always empty at that hour of the day—and found myself face to face with Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite!

He made no attempt to fly the place. Quite the contrary. He advanced to meet me with the utmost eagerness.

"Dear Miss Clack, I have been only waiting to see *you!* Chance set me free of my London engagements to-day sooner than I expected—and I have got here, in consequence, earlier than my appointed time."

Not the slightest embarrassment encumbered his explanation, though this was his first meeting with me after the scene in Montagu Square. He was not aware, it is true, of my having been a witness of that scene. But he knew, on the other hand, that my attendances at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes, and my relations with friends attached to other charities, must have informed me of his shameless neglect of his Ladies and his Poor. And yet there he was before me in full possession of his charming voice and his irresistible smile!

"Have you seen Rachel yet?" I asked.

He sighed gently, and took me by the hand. I should certainly have snatched my hand away, if the manner in which he gave his answer had not paralyzed me with astonishment.

"I have seen Rachel," he said, with perfect tranquillity. "You are aware, dear friend, that she was engaged to me? Well, she has taken a sudden resolution to break the engagement. Reflection has convinced her that she will best consult her welfare and mine by retracting a rash promise, and leaving me free to make some happier choice elsewhere. That is the only reason she will give, and the only answer she will make to every question that I can ask of her."

"What have you done on your side?" I inquired. "Have you submitted?"

"Yes," he said, with the most unruffled composure, "I have submitted."

His conduct, under the circumstances, was so utterly inconceivable that I stood bewildered with my hand in his. It is a piece of rudeness to stare at any body, and it is an act of indelicacy to stare at a gentleman. I committed both those improprieties. And I said, as if in a dream, "What does it mean?"

"Permit me to tell you," he replied. "And suppose we sit down?"

He led me to a chair. I have an indistinct remembrance that he was very affectionate. I don't think he put his arm round my waist to support me—but I am not sure. I was quite helpless, and his ways with ladies were very endearing. At any rate, we sat down. I can answer for that, if I can answer for nothing more.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

THE town of Panama, on the shores of the broad Pacific, has been the scene of many sanguinary brawls and riots. In one of these, which happened nearly twenty years ago, when such occurrences were more frequent than at present, a middle-aged man, apparently an American, received a stab in the chest from the bayonet of one of the soldiers called in to quell the disturbance. The wounded man was carried to the military hospital, where he shortly after breathed his last.

It was observed that during his dying moments he was constantly attended by an old sea-faring man, a species of "Ancient Mariner," of a tall, gaunt figure, and with a hard-looking, weather-beaten visage, who watched by his bedside with the most jealous attention. The old man stated that the patient whose life was fast ebbing away was his son, but beyond this refused to give any information whatever. Up to the last he remained at his post, and with the exception of a Scotch doctor who was in attendance, allowed no one to communicate with the dying man. The old man shortly after disappeared from the city, and the little interest awakened by the incident soon subsided.

Two years elapsed from the happening of the above event, when one evening, just before dusk, Doctor M'Dougall, the Scotch surgeon before referred to, was summoned to attend a patient supposed to be in the last stage of delirium tremens. Threading his way through the irregular pebbly streets, the doctor arrived at the entrance of a small house standing close to the shore, and overlooking the picturesque fortifications which surround the ancient city.

Exchanging a word with a swarthy individual of the Spanish-American race, smoking under the veranda, he ascended to the first-floor, and found himself by the couch of the sick man. The little light which shone in through the open window sufficed to reveal to him the gaunt form and strongly-marked features of the old seaman whom he had met by the bedside of his dying son at the hospital. His face, wasted and haggard, was now flushed with feverish excitement, and his bloodshot eyes rolled wildly around.

Recognizing the doctor at once, the old sailor raised himself almost into a sitting posture, and in a low, husky voice asked his visitor if he remembered him. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued:

"I have sent for you—not to save my life, that I know is impossible, thanks to drink and this accursed climate—but because you were kind to that poor murdered lad some time ago; you recollect, no doubt. Well, he was not my son after all, though I said he was, and I liked him as much as if he had been, and maybe more. Since he died every thing has gone wrong with me; and now, besides yourself I've not a friend left in the world. You see this?" said he, bending over the side of his couch, and pointing toward a corner of the room where stood a sea-chest bound with iron plates and fastened by a padlock. "Hush! they will hear us," he excitedly exclaimed. "Lock the door—bar it; not a living soul but yourself must hear."

Though regarding this merely as a fresh outburst of delirium, the doctor did as desired. "Now," said the old man, as he thrust into his visitor's hand a revolver capped and apparently loaded, "if they try to come in, shoot them—shoot them dead on the spot. One, two, three, four, five lives," he added, counting the chambers of the weapon, while a gleam of savage satisfaction lighted up his countenance.

"Years ago I belonged to a band of queer characters who first got together in California—then the right place to look for all sorts of vagabonds. We picked up a living in various ways, sometimes honestly, as the world calls it, and sometimes not so much so. Well, after a while even San Francisco got too hot to hold us, so we clubbed together and bought a small schooner, and, hearing of the revolutionary war in Mexico, we ran down the coast and supplied the insurgents with arms and ammunition. Sometimes our fellows took part in a skirmish on shore, either on one side or the other, and, in fact, we joined in any scheme that promised to be profitable. Most of our time was spent between Panama and the coast of Mexico in this sort of way; and after a couple of years or so we had got together a considerable sum of money.

"There were six of us at this time, roughish-looking fellows most of us, and nearly all belonging to different nations. There had been eight altogether, but one had had a bowie-knife put into him in Sacramento City, and another was finished by Santa Anna's Mexican bullets.

"One fine morning, when we were lying off the town of San Blas, two of our men who had been on shore came off with the news that a small trading vessel was expected down the coast with over a million of dollars, belonging to one of the large Mexican houses, to be shipped on board an English frigate at anchor near us for conveyance to Panama. We at once determined to intercept the coaster, and immediately got under way. There was not a moment to be lost—any instant might bring her under cover of the frigate's guns, and thus slip through our fingers. The breeze that morning was unfortunately light, and we had scarcely left the man-of-war hull down, when we perceived the trader coming along the coast under easy sail.

"Our plans were soon arranged. We knew that these vessels, not going more than a few miles off the shore, were rarely armed, and carried at the most three or four men. We hauled our wind, and beat up toward her; and, to avoid suspicion, made short tacks, so as to be able to run across her bows and board her when least expected. Our men were tolerably well provided with weapons, and we made up our minds that there would be no serious resistance. Nearer and nearer the two vessels approached each other, our schooner trailing a large net astern, to throw the crew of the other off their guard. At the right moment our helm was put down; we sprang on board, and in a minute or so were in possession of the vessel and every thing belonging to her."

"And the men in charge?" said the doctor, for the first time interrupting the old pirate, as it now seemed he was.

The latter turned ghastly pale before the steady look of his companion, and then, recovering himself, he clenched his fists, and with eyes starting from their sockets, glared around him like a wounded tiger.

"'Tis false—ay, false!" he shouted, throwing his arms about him in the wildest manner. "Who was it said I murdered them—ah, murdered them? 'Tis false, I say again!"

He sank back exhausted; the large drops of perspiration clung to his brow, and for some time a dead silence prevailed. At length the old seaman roused himself and proceeded, though with much less self-possession than before.

"How we took the coaster, and what we did with the crew is nothing to any body now; but any how, the end of it was that when we came to break open the boxes in the hold and count out the money, we found ourselves the owners of nearly a million and a half of Mexican dollars in gold and silver.

"This was the boldest of all our adventures, and we all felt the danger of staying any longer on this part of the coast, or even of remaining together after this. We immediately determined to stand out to sea, take the earliest opportunity of dividing the treasure, and then separate forever.

"When not many miles from Acapulco we ran short of water, and put into that port for a supply. Short as our stay was, we remained long enough for one of our men to be attacked with yellow-fever. In a few hours he died, and we, fearing after this to stop in the place, hastily landed the body on a strip of beach outside the harbor, and at once put to sea.

"From the moment of our seizing that infernal coaster misfortune hung over us. Before we had lost sight of the coast of Mexico the trade-wind failed us, and for days we lay sweltering under the hot sun in a dead calm. To make matters worse, two more of our hands took the fever and died in a few hours. We were now in a state of the utmost consternation. What was to be done? To stay in the ship seemed certain death; our numbers were reduced to three, and those so enfeebled as to be equally likely to fall a prey to the pestilence. To land with such an amount of money would assuredly lead to our detection. We had now all our booty to divide among three of us, but what on earth were we to do with it?

"While making up our minds, we found, by dead-reckoning, that we were only a few days' sail from the Cocos Islands off the Bay of Panama. We knew the islands very well, and we knew, too, that they were uninhabited and within easy distance of Panama itself. We agreed to break open three cases at once, each holding two thousand dollars, divide them equally, and then bury the rest on the largest island of the group.

"On our arrival, having first satisfied ourselves by a careful search that there was no human being there, we ran the schooner as close in-shore as possible, and commenced landing the money—a task which, with our reduced numbers, took us several days to get through. During the whole of this time we were in perpetual terror lest our movements should be observed by some of the passing vessels. We worked away cheerfully, and at last succeeded in burying all the boxes of dollars in a corner of the largest island, carefully marking the position of the spot by compass bearings. This done, we removed from the schooner every thing worth saving, scuttled her, and taking the boat, landed not many miles from the town. Here we separated, after agreeing upon a day on which to return to the island and remove the rest of the treasure, each swearing to observe the strictest secrecy and good faith in the matter.

"The news of the seizure of the coaster had, as we expected, reached Panama, and large rewards were offered for the capture of those concerned in the deed. This showed me that it would be unsafe to remain longer than could be helped. Accordingly I lost no time in taking a passage in a merchant ship sailing for San Francisco. A few days after reaching that port I came across one of my companions, whom I had parted from on landing from the schooner. Well, from that time to the day you saw him die here in the hospital we were never separated.

"At San Francisco, what with drinking and gambling, we soon ran through our money, and had only just enough to take us down to Panama again by the time appointed.

"We had not long returned before we learned that a man answering the description of the third member of our party had left in a canoe with three or four of the natives some days before—as he said, on a fishing expedition to the Cocos Islands; and that the canoe, with the bodies of two of the negroes, had been washed ashore during a gale of wind the following day.

"I can't say that either of us was very sorry to hear of the news; it was clear that our old shipmate was bent on being beforehand in getting at the spoils, contrary to our sworn agreement. We had the satisfaction of knowing that we two were now the sole owners of the money, and set to work at once to arrange a plan for getting it all into our possession. Every thing was settled, and we should have started with half a dozen picked men, when that poor fellow received the accursed stab which put an end to him."

Here the old man's voice faltered, and in a sadder tone he went on:

"For years we had been together, and when he died I lost the only being I cared for in the world. Since that day I have been a lonely, miserable man. Drink, drink alone, has been my refuge. In drink I see the glitter of the yellow gold, that I have not dared to go and look for. For drink would I sell my soul itself—ay, what is more, my buried treasure too. See there, see there!" he cried, in a tone of triumph, as with a last effort he sprang up and pointed to the still waters of the bay, now illumined by the last golden rays of the setting sun. "'Tis there it lies; I can watch the gold as it gleams and glitters over the sea, even now. 'Tis mine—mine, I say. Too late—too late!" he whispered, sinking back in a state of insensibility.

All was quiet for some minutes. At length the old man recovered his consciousness, and, in a voice hardly audible, said:

"Doctor, in a few moments I shall be a dead man—and the money, take it, every dollar. You will find it buried deep in the sand. See there—the plan is in that box. Hush, hush!" and pointed to a key hanging up, which his visitor at once put in his pocket as he heard footsteps ascending the stairs. It was the individual whom he had met on entering the house, and the doctor admitted him to the room.

The old sailor was now speechless; he feebly pointed first to the medical man and then to the box in the corner, and closed his eyes. It was soon clear that life was gone. The doctor, seeing that nothing more could be done, gave a handful of dollars to the owner of the house, and returned home, taking care to remove the old chest at the same time. When opened, he found that it contained, in addition to some articles of clothing and trinkets of little value, a crumpled and stained paper, on which had been rudely drawn a map of the Cocos Islands, and a description, in many parts illegible, of the place where the booty had been deposited.

The doctor, who was by no means a wealthy man, was overjoyed at the mere prospect of obtaining possession of so much wealth, and made up his mind at once to organize an expedition to the spot where it lay concealed. After spending nearly all his ready money in making preparations, he started from Panama with a party of natives. The object of the expedition was kept a profound secret.

On reaching the island, which, from the plan in his possession, the doctor had no difficulty in identifying, he at once commenced operations. The document, from age, discoloration, and the imperfect nature of so much of the description as was legible, afforded, unfortunately, but a very uncertain clew to the treasure.

The southwest corner of the island was described with the utmost precision, also the distance from the beach, and the depth at which the money was to be found, but beyond these particulars the paper contained no intelligible information.

For ten long days and nights, allowing barely sufficient time for rest and refreshment, did the men dig away, the doctor being all the while, as he himself described it, in a fever of excitement, wholly unable to sleep, and watching with breathless anxiety every spadeful of sand that his dusky companions dug from the soil. At each stroke of the spade he listened eagerly for any sound that might indicate the discovery of what he sought, but in vain.

At the expiration of this time the supply of provisions ran short, and it became evident to the doctor that he must abandon the enterprise, at all events for a time. Worn out with fatigue and exhaustion, and crushed by the weight of his disappointment, he was compelled to put back to Panama. It was long before he recovered his health and strength sufficiently to be able to resume his ordinary practice. With returning health, however, came renewed hope, and when last heard of the indefatigable man, confident of success, was getting together the necessary funds for another expedition.

ONCE AND NOW.

I.

I have a rose, a little rose,
  It blossomed long ago
Beneath the guns that day and night
  Keep watch at Fort Monroe.
And warm September glories shone,
  With red and russet streak,
Along the wooded shores and points
  That fringe the Chesapeake.

And drum and bugle answering called
  Along the Union lines,
And proud our bannered eagles shone
  Among the glimmering pines,
When this fair rose that blossomed on
  The stormy front of war
A dear hand sent—a precious pledge
  From the true heart afar.

I shut it 'twixt my Bible-leaves,
  In perfumed silence pent,
My little crimson half-blown rose
  That *he* had kissed and sent!
'Tis withered now—a pale, frail thing,
  That one touch might destroy;
And with its bloom and beauty lies
  My morning dream of joy.

Poor little bud! in whose red heart
  Such wealth of promise lay,
Withered before its crimson core
  Unfolded to the day.
And hidden in my Bible-leaves,
  And deep where memories cling,
The little rose that never bloomed—
  The hope that died in spring.

II.

'Tis years ago my weary feet
  Went up those hills of pain,
And many a time by Fort Monroe
  Roses have bloomed again.
'Tis long ago, and through the land
  The sounds of war are dumb;
O'er battle-fields once dim with death
  Birds sing and wild bees hum.

But the sure years, with lengthening days,
  Like shadows drifting down,
Enfolded in their golden arms
  Have brought my life's fair crown,
Starry with joys more tender-sweet
  Than aught the Past can bring—
The fullness of a perfect love,
  Girt by a marriage-ring.

I took my rose—my little rose,
  Withered and pale and sere—
And laid it where the vivid coals
  Shone hot and crimson-clear.
And as it dropped to tender ash,
  And faded out at last,
The glorious Present rose between,
  And dimmed the shadowy Past.

But sometimes, as I idly turn
  My Bible-leaves apart,
A dim, faint perfume-scent steals out,
  And misty memories start—
The proud and erring heart—the pain
  Those bitter days could bring;
The little rose that never bloomed—
  The hope that died in spring.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The love of a cross woman, it is said, is stronger than the love of any other female individual. Like vinegar, the affections of a high-strung woman never spoil.

* * *

Quoth Tom, 'Tis strange that in the world
  So much injustice should abound;
Nay, answered John, the human heart
  Is never on the right side found.

* * *

A Woman's Cause for all her Actions—Be-cause.

* * *

THE SEASONS.

BY AN INVALID.

I love the spring;
It seems to bring
Fresh breezes from the Adriatic—;
(The wind at least
Is from the east,
And gives me agonies rheumatic.)

When summer's here,
I hold it dear—
Of flowery wealth a gracious giver—
(Although I've got,
Whene'er it's hot,
Some touches of a sluggish liver.)

When autumn hints,
With beauteous tints,
That summer's song has its cadenza,
I love it well—
(Though, truth to tell,
I know it brings me influenza!)

And winter's snow
I love also—
For snow a seasonable sight is—
(Although there are
Cough, cold, catarrh,
Diphtheria, phthisis, and bronchitis!)

* * *

A LOVE-LETTER.

From a Tailor to his Sweet-heart, a Mantua-Maker.

Remnant of my Hopes,—May I be ripped from the border of your esteem, and never be buttoned to the loop of your kindness, but I am strongly seamed to them by your beauty. May I never lose a thimbleful of your favor, but you have entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty outside of yours. Odds bodkin! I am surely yours—every inch of me—and my needle follows you. Therefore blunt not the point of my endeavors, but let me baste myself to your kindness that I may set the tighter to your affections; I love you beyond measure, but it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from you that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit. Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit cross-legged for your sake, being, my dearest little flouncer, your Cabbage.

* * *

A Yankee minister who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brothers, this isn't fair: it isn't giving a man half a chance! Wait till I get along a bit, and then if I ain't worth listening to go to sleep: but don't begin to snore before I get commenced. Give a man a chance!"

SHOPPING.

She stood behind the counter—
  The day I'll ne'er forget—
She thought the muslin dearer
  Than any she'd seen yet;
I watched her playful fingers
  The silk and satin toss;
The clerk looked quite uneasy,
  And nodded at the boss.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
  Barege and satin turk,"
She said, "I want to purchase!"
  Then gave the goods a jerk.
The clerk was all obedience,
  He traveled "on his shape;"
At length, with hesitation,
  She bought a yard of tape.

* * *

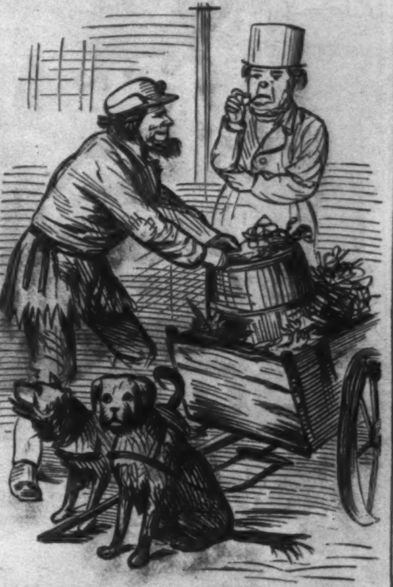
Young Lady of Eight Summers. "Say, Georgie, when you are a great big lady and get married, what will you do, eh?"

Georgie. "Oh, I expect I'll get a sewing circle, and go to the water-cure, and have lots of jewelry. What will you do, Sissy?"

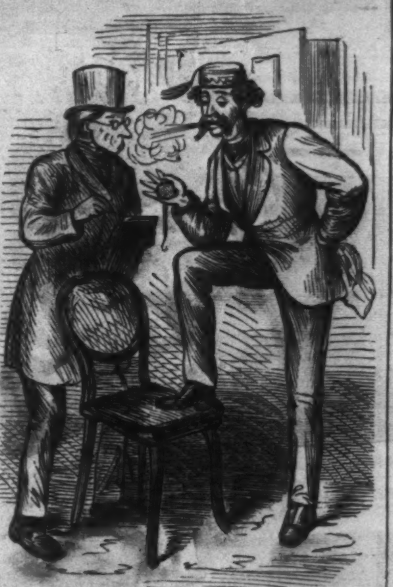
"Oh, me! I'll have a nice young man, with beautiful whiskers, come to see me; and my husband, you know, he'll get mad, and I'll cry and go to Chicago, and sue for a divorce, and it will be in all the papers, and the reporters will say that I'm a pale and spiritual-looking lady, and my husband is a brute; that'll be so nice."

* * *

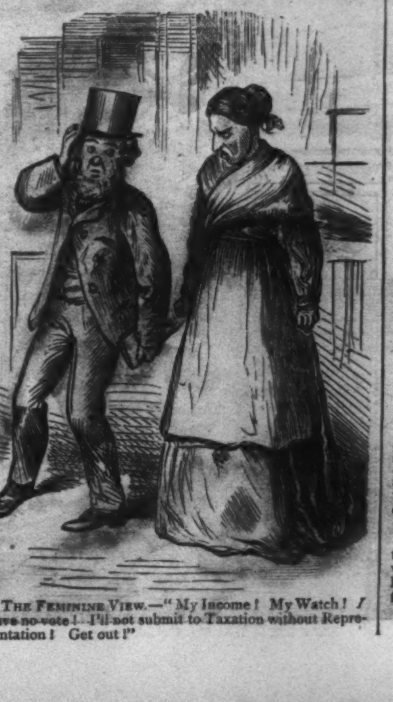
THE TAX QUESTION.



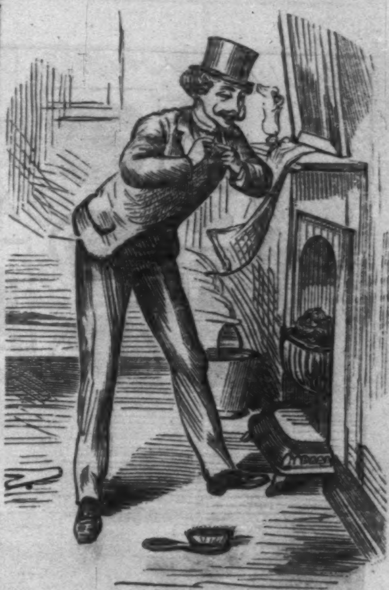
The Poor Man's View of it.—"True, Mike, it's a fine turn-out; but the Kerridge Tax is moighty heavy."



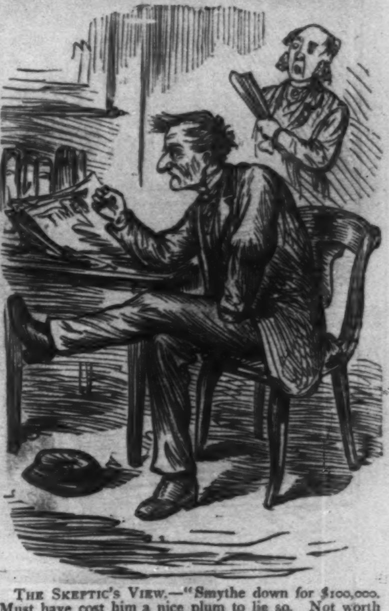
The "Dead Beat's" View.—"*I* carry a Gold Watch? I don't know. Bought it at Auction for $5."



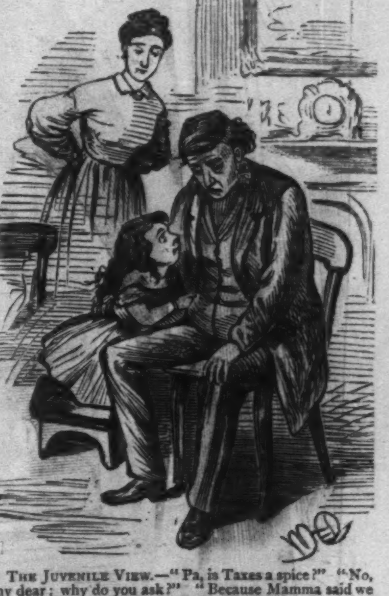
The Feminine View.—"My Income! My Watch! *I* have no vote! I'll not submit to Taxation without Representation! Get out!"



The Lover's View.—"Ah! the Income returns, eh? Old Bullfinch down for $60,000. I'll propose to Susan at once."



The Skeptic's View.—"Smythe down for $100,000. Must have cost him a nice plum to lie so. Not worth $30,000!"



The Juvenile View.—"Pa, is Taxes a spice?" "No, my dear; why do you ask?" "Because Mamma said we couldn't have Pudding 'cause Taxes is so high."

* * *

If an opening of the ground is called an earthquake, why shouldn't a dry-goods' opening be styled a clothes-quake?

* * *

Invaluable Receipt.—To quiet a crying baby, prop it up with pillows if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it falls asleep. As soon as it wakes again—more molasses and feathers.

* * *

A "fast man about town," in Buffalo, aged *thirteen*, has been arrested for getting drunk and whipping his wife.

* * *

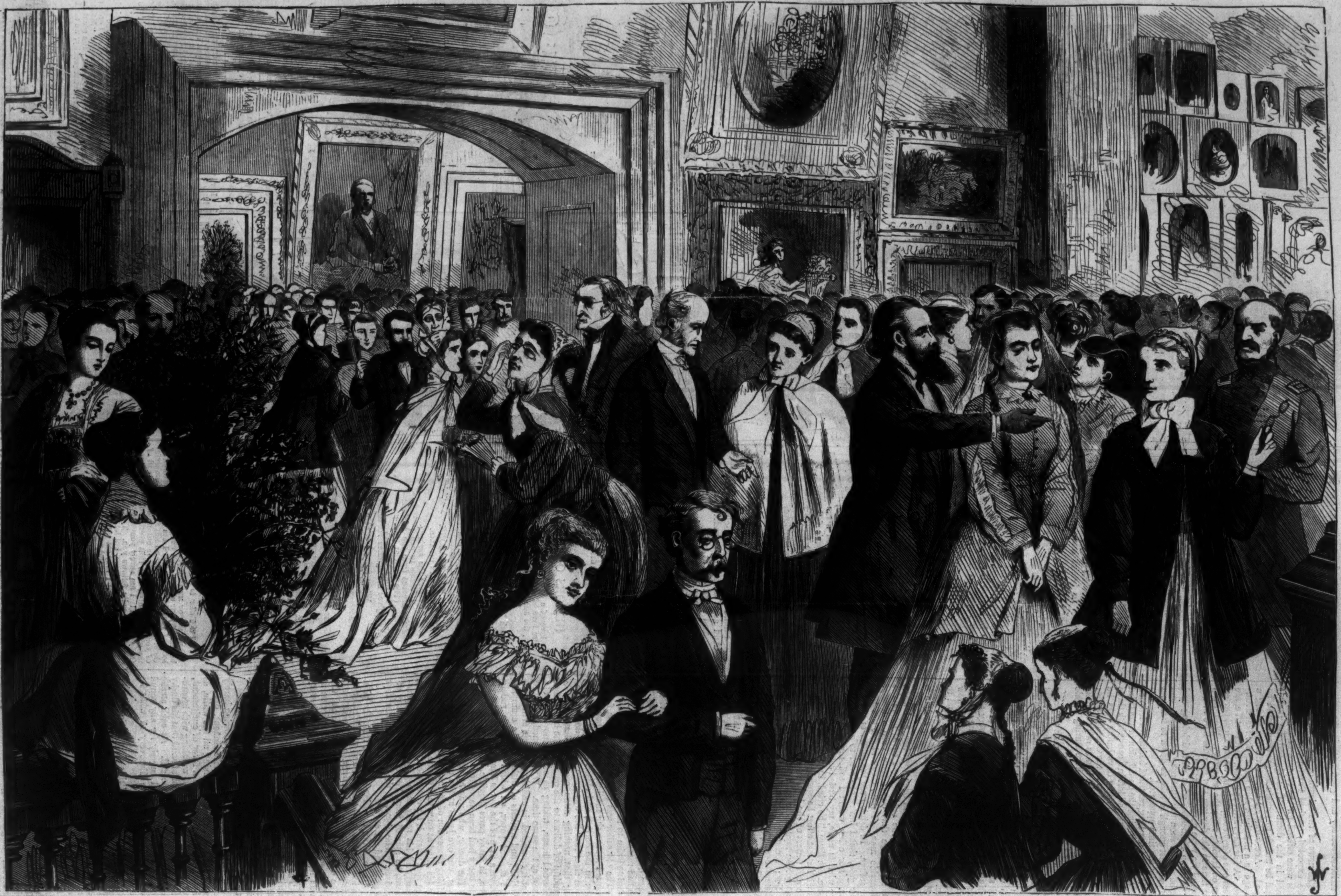
Scene in a Perfumer's.—Sentimental young lady to perfumer: "I don't think you forwarded the scent I meant; it seems entirely different to that I ordered." Perfumer (who is very fond of punning): "Madam, I am sure that what you meant I sent; the scent I sent was the scent you meant; consequently, we are both of one sentiment."

* * *

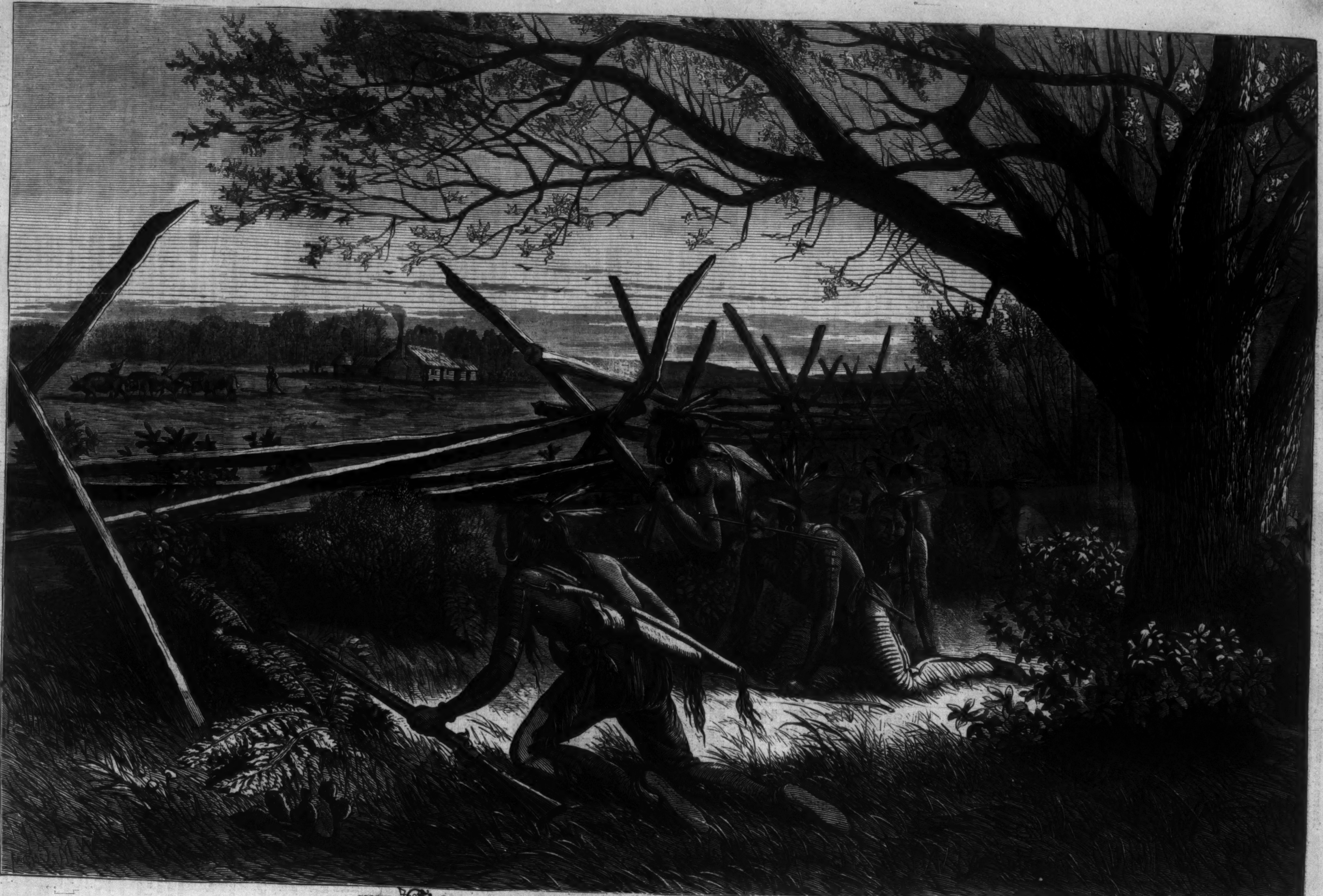
On some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove to prevent the passengers from meddling with the fire. A conductor, being asked why they locked the stove, replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."

* * *

Sentimental Explosion—Bursting into tears.



ANNUAL RECEPTION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.—Sketched by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 276.]



SIOUX [illegible] AMBUSH PREPARING TO ATTACK SETTLERS.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 282.]

Weekly and Monthly Papers &c. &c.
442 15th St., bet. G & N Y Ave.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

INDIANS IN AMBUSH.

Although a treaty of peace has been concluded with the Indians in Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska, and active hostilities on the part of our troops have ceased, the depredations and outrages of the Indians are continued. It is stated on very good authority that the settlers on the border and the emigrants on the Plains are as much disturbed by the Indians as they were before and during the late Indian war, but the acts of hostility on the part of the redmen are concealed or overlooked by the Indian agents of the Government. How true this is we can not say; but undoubtedly several well-authenticated outrages have lately occurred. The Sioux Indians of Nebraska appear to be the most troublesome, and have lately made descents upon several settlements. Our illustration on page 281 shows the mode of warfare practiced by these predatory bands upon the unsuspecting and defenseless settlers.

A WISE WOMAN ON IMPULSE.

"'Women are wise on a sudden.'"

Ben Mack made his fling at women, sitting a little apart from the group that had Rebecca Dean for its centre under the grand old trees that shaded Squire Dean's lawn. There were a half dozen in the group, disposed on rustic seats and benches, with the shadows of night and elm-trees around them, shadows that the light from the wide hall of the Dean homestead only partially dispelled. Ben Mack was farthest in the shadow, and a moment before had seemed widely removed from the rest, smoking, by Rebecca Dean's leave, in an absorbed way, as if he found all the world he wanted in his cigar. He had turned at Rebecca Dean's last words, and by his remark it was evident nothing had escaped him.

"Pray finish the proverb," retorted Rebecca Dean, in clear, ringing tones. "Women are wise on a sudden and fools on premeditation."

Ben Mack threw his cigar away and laughed a low, amused, and sarcastic laugh.

"Killed with your own weapons, eh, Ben?" inquired Tom Gladstone. "You didn't know the proverb was double-barreled, and Miss Dean had a chance after your charge."

"Miss Dean is always armed to the teeth, I think," said Ben Mack, in an under-tone.

"Self-preservation is a law of our nature, and the legality of self-defense is undisputed," answered Rebecca Dean, in clear, gelid tones.

"Self-preservation!" echoed Ben Mack, rising. "Yes, you are right. I thank you for reminding me. I am going directly home. Besides, the clock struck ten a half hour since."

The gentlemen started to their feet.

"We take no note of time under certain circumstances," said Tom Gladstone, apologetically.

"If Mr. Dean's elm-trees and certain circumstances are synonyms in Tom's vocabulary, I beg to subscribe to his sentiments," said Paul Richardson, stooping down to pick up Rebecca Dean's handkerchief.

"Come! come!" exclaimed Ben Mack, stepping forward and speaking impatiently. "We shall tire Miss Dean with our adieux."

"We? Speak for yourself, man!" exclaimed Tom Gladstone, with mock earnestness.

"'Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.'"

"Then I will leave you. Good-night, Miss Dean!"

Ben Mack bowed and moved toward the gate. The others shook hands with the ladies and joined him there.

The ladies under the elm-trees did not speak until the footsteps of the three men died in the distance.

It was not Rebecca Dean's voice; but one vastly more uncertain and infantile that asked: "Is it so every evening?"

"So? How?" asked Rebecca Dean. Her voice contained a volume of meaning. All the deprecation in the "So" was plainly revealed by her mocking echo, and a woman's suppressed anger was in the indignant "How?"

"Don't be vexed with me," replied the other woman, timidly. "You know, Rebecca, dear, I am not at all brilliant like you are; but it seems to me you would be happier with less admiration and more love. I have listened to-night and been amused by Mr. Gladstone, and pleased with Mr. Richardson, and hopelessly mystified by Mr. Mack, and I have admired you, dear, just as every body does; but I have wished so much you were settled in life."

Rebecca Dean made no reply. She only sat with her head averted, looking off into the darkness.

"How many years have you known Mr. Mack?" asked the woman with the childish voice.

"Forever!" answered Rebecca Dean, impatiently. Then she corrected herself and said in an humble, subdued way, as if herself had conquered her own mutinous self: "Five years, more or less."

"You ought to know him very well," commented the thin-voiced lady.

"I don't. I have tried to fathom him ever since I knew him, and am to-night as far from the result as when I first begun," said Rebecca Dean, bitterly.

"You always seem to be having a genteel quarrel," said the other woman; "and if any body could make you hard and wicked, dear, I think this Mr. Mack could. I always knew you didn't like him."

Rebecca Dean turned her eyes toward the light, and in them was a doubt self-put, and on her lips a smile so bitter, it was well-nigh a sneer.

"Come!" she said, suddenly starting up, "let us go into the house."

"Minnie Dean," she said, abruptly, pausing in the lighted hall and facing the slight, delicate woman who followed her quick, impatient tread, "I envy you from the bottom of my heart!"

A trifle taller than the woman addressed as Minnie Dean was she who had turned and laid her hand on Minnie Dean's head, looking down into her quiet blue eyes with a gaze that was full of regret and discontent. Looking at her, as she stroked the light hair that grew only a little above the mild blue eyes, you would have said she was much taller than the other woman, for the attitude was suggestive of stooping and condescension; and, looking at the discontent in the brown eyes and the wrinkles that reached up to the edge of the raven hair, you would have said she was much older. Truth to tell, there was a mark on a door-post where the women's heads had rested, and the fair-haired woman had stood only an inch below the other. There was a Bible in the house, too, where Rebecca Dean's birth was recorded twenty-six years ago, and another Bible was witness that Minnie Frazier, now wife of John Dean, was born a year previous.

Women like John Dean's wife are mute before the grief of those other women of whom Rebecca was a type. "I don't understand John's sister," she had said, when she first knew her. "I admire her. What is more, I love her; but she astonishes and confounds me. Sometimes I think I know her, but then she comes to me in a new phase of character and I am baffled. I think I shall never take her all in." Afterward the same woman wrote from Niagara, "I am delighted, but I shall go home dissatisfied. Immensity confounds me. I might stay here forever and still feel that my mind could not take in the greatness of these waters. The Falls affect me as some people, among them John's sister Rebecca in her heights and depths of emotion."

That night when Rebecca Dean's discontent burst into envy, Minnie Dean stood quite helpless, knowing the woman spoke the bitter truth from a grieved soul; spoke with a bitterness, too, she had never felt, from a depth of grief she could never penetrate. She knew, too, that this very inability was the thing Rebecca Dean most envied her. Powerless to bring mental force to her rescue with suiting speech, her heart dictated womanly deeds, and the pale, delicate hands drew down the dark, regretful face and kissed it tenderly.

Rebecca Dean understood, and smiled her thanks as she put away her mood with an effort of her strong will.

Rebecca Dean's claims for admiration were based on different grounds from those belonging to most women. She was not handsome or wealthy. Now she had not even youth to make her pleasing in eyes that always find beauty in freshness. And yet she was called very charming. I think the secret lay, as it lies in a few rare people you and I have met, in her intense sympathy and self-forgetfulness. Not only men liked her, as she met them on their own ground and comprehended what was best and holiest in their natures, but women felt the quick sympathy that included their little loves in a larger, and were proud to call her friend.

Minnie Dean felt the sympathy in the thankful smile, and a moment later John Dean felt the self-forgetfulness.

"John!" exclaimed the two women, as they entered the little library where a weary man bent his brow in close calculations over long columns of figures.

"These bank accounts needed investigation," answered the man, scarcely lifting his head. "Do not wait for me, Minnie. Good-night, Rebecca, and be thankful you are not a man."

Rebecca colored. Being such a woman, she had sometimes wished she was something different; either a woman like Minnie or a man like John; either something less or greater than she was. It was not often her rich life brought her discontent as on this night.

"Tell me what you are doing," she said to her brother.

"Go to bed," was his irrelevant answer.

"Not till I have helped you fathom that sea of figures," was the determined answer.

John Dean knew his sister and her moods. He knew, too, she could render efficient aid. A few words of explanation, and the woman's head was bending over the papers, and the woman's fingers deftly working with the figures in a way that indicated comprehension and ease of execution.

It was a late hour when John Dean closed his books and crossed over to the sofa where Minnie slept. He smiled to see the book she had been reading; then he turned to Rebecca with grave rebuke.

"Never envy a poorer nature than your own, Rebecca. The sun should glory in shining for all the world, and not envy the lesser work of stars."

Rebecca went away smiling through her tears. She had received her praise and her reproof—mingled honey and gall—and the signs of her emotions were appropriate.

The long, cool shadows of the elm-trees lay across Squire Dean's lawn, when, a week later, Ben Mack rode by, looking eagerly through the growth of foliage into the open windows of the old homestead. John Dean, hidden by low-growing shrubbery, saw the horseman, and shrugged his shoulders. He did not resume his reading when the sound of horses' hoofs had died, but sat in disturbed mood knocking the flowers off an azalea with his cane.

"Minnie!" he called to his wife, who appeared on the lawn, "where is Rebecca?"

"Gone down to the cottages with soup for Tom Mullens's wife, and clothes for Biddy Riley's baby."

John Dean laughed. "What a famous Sister of Charity, tract distributor, or hospital nurse Rebecca would make!" he said.

Minnie Dean sat down by her husband's side. "That is just what Mrs. Stevenson said the other day. She declared Rebecca ought to be a missionary's wife. It was a shame that so much energy, ability, and excess of vitality should be wasted in the frivolities of society."

"I shouldn't wonder," mused John Dean, more to himself than in response to his wife's remark.

"Shouldn't wonder what?" asked Minnie Dean. "Rebecca marry a missionary?"

"A missionary or the deil."

Minnie Dean started to her feet. "Why, John!" she exclaimed, "I never heard you talk so before. What do you mean?"

"That Rebecca, with her broad sympathies and genial nature, attracts the best and the worst of men. Her vitality puts her in harmony with the gayest of her kind, and her self-abnegation makes martyrdom possible. Rebecca would be a power in fashionable society, just as Ben Mack is, and for the same reason. At Newport and Saratoga she would attract just as she does here. If you doubt me, look at Ben Mack. The world holds not a worldlier man, and for him the world holds not such another woman as my sister. Then for the other side of Rebecca's dual character, look at the reverends among her list of friends. Rebecca is so much saint and sinner combined, it puzzles me to know which will get her—good or evil, the church or the world. At present bets are safest on the side of the world."

John Dean said this with his eye fixed on his sister and Ben Mack, who came slowly up the carriage-road.

"Where is Mr. Mack's horse?" asked Minnie.

"Following meekly behind," answered her husband. "Ben Mack has a strange power. I should think he might control beasts and charm serpents."

"You don't like him any better than Rebecca," remarked Minnie Dean.

John Dean looked at his wife searchingly, but seeing how grave her face was, he whistled and walked away.

Rebecca Dean sat down under the elms, and a little ungraciously asked her companion to sit. All that Ben Mack received from her was mere tolerance outwardly. He sat down, however, for it was an hour before his dinner-time, and the village offered no entertainment like Rebecca Dean.

Paul Richardson must have had the same thought, for he came strolling in, with his port-folio under his arm.

Rebecca rose instantly, and gave him the easiest rustic seat, with cordial words of welcome.

Ben Mack frowned. The woman was so meagre of her words with him—so lavish when she spoke to others.

Rebecca held out her hands for Paul's port-folio, with the pretty pleading of a child rather than the dignity of a woman; but when she scrutinized the sketches it was with an artist's critical appreciation.

Suddenly all her face lighted up, and, as if Ben Mack's caught the reflection, his glowed satisfied and triumphant as he watched her selecting sketches from the port-folio. Over the last she clapped her hands with a child's enthusiasm.

"Our own dear elms!" she exclaimed. "And here are the very spots I love the most. I have sat in this nook by the mountain-side for hours. I have dreamed by this brook through many a summer's day. I have listened to the murmur of the waterfall until I have lost the sounds of earth. And, Mr. Richardson, these are your best pictures. You have executed them with a bolder hand and a more masterly touch. There is genius in these strokes and power."

She paused suddenly. She had caught a strange look on Paul Richardson's face. It was chagrin, vexation, and deep disappointment. She glanced to Ben Mack, and saw the triumph in his eye.

"Mr. Mack!" she exclaimed. "They are yours!"

Ben Mack bowed, and all his face glowed with pleasure. He wondered what this proud woman would do next, who never gave him praise, and whose position had been antagonistic from the beginning.

Her next act, if she had been an artful woman, would have been the perfection of acting.

"Mr. Mack, won't you give me this picture?" She held up the sketch of the elms, all her face glowing, tender, and pleading.

Ben Mack bowed again. He knew if he spoke he should say too much, and Paul Richardson was there.

Rebecca Dean remembered his presence there too. He was looking away with a hurt face.

"I want one of your sketches too, Mr. Richardson," she said.

He smiled faintly and gave her his port-folio. He knew her request meant compensation, and he would have refused had he been less a gentleman. A moment after he saw John Dean at the foot of the lawn, and joined him with chat about the times and the weather.

"That's a fine horse of Mack's," commented John Dean in a momentary pause in the conversation.

"Yes," answered Paul, looking straight over the horse to the rustic seats where Ben Mack and Rebecca Dean sat.

"He follows Mack like a kitten," continued John Dean. "Horses seem to like him."

"Yes," answered Paul, savagely—"horses and women."

"Is it instinct?" asked John Dean.

"It isn't reason," answered Paul.

John Dean laughed; for he was of Paul's opinion. "Let us go look at Mack's horse," he said.

The change of position brought them near the elms and rustic seats where Ben Mack and Rebecca Dean sat.

There was no lull in the conversation or embarrassed change of topic.

Rebecca was saying, "Faith is manifest power."

"Faith in what, Miss Rebecca?"

Ben Mack put the question with the manner of one who was trying to draw out his companion—a manner that always aroused Rebecca Dean's resistance.

"In any thing," she answered, shortly.

"'Any thing' is ambiguous," objected Ben Mack. "Pray be explicit."

She held up the sketch. "You believe your strokes will correctly delineate nature. You have no fear. You dash right and left—you produce master-strokes. Another's lines are weak, and faint, and feeble. He has no faith—*ergo*, he has no power."

"You call genius faith?"

"No; and yet faith is genius just as perseverance is genius. Napoleon had genius, but he had also faith in his destiny. His faith was a manifest power in his life. Columbus believed in America. His faith was a power. Any man's faith is a power."

"A manifest power?"

"Yes; a man's faith is always manifested in the power of his life."

"If this be true, pray tell me, Miss Rebecca, what is my faith?"

"In yourself," she answered, laughing.

"You are right," he said. "I believe in myself—and you."

Save by a crimson tide that overspread Rebecca's cheeks, she did not heed the supplement to his answer.

"The life of greatest power is that with faith in itself, its neighbor, and its God," she said, in hurried, earnest tones. "Because ourselves are sinful, and our neighbors erring, the basis of our faith must be in God. Napoleon, with all his faith in himself and his destiny, found Waterloo. With faith in God the weak saint finds the New Jerusalem with pearly gates and golden streets."

Ben Mack looked in Rebecca Dean's earnest face half-comprehendingly. This woman's intellect, vitality, and gayety charmed him; but he had no sympathy with a spirituality that baffled him.

Lounging under the awning-cover of a little skiff that summer afternoon, Ben Mack turned wearily the pages of a memorandum-book. It was full of odds and ends, stray thoughts, and little sketches of brooks, and hills, and graceful elms, and here and there the outlines of pretty women's faces. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote the following confession of faith:

"I believe in Rebecca Dean.

"Columbus believed in America; but before he could hope to reach that far-off land he must obtain the royal favor.

"I have sued long at the court of Rebecca Dean's heart for acknowledgment of my claims. Will refused to listen; but this morning Impulse, acting Queen Isabella's part, gave me the crown jewels.

"Yes; she is right. Faith is a manifest power. Had I possessed less faith in myself I had never gained this morning's victory, and sent the crimson currents of that woman's life to kiss the edges of her raven hair. She is a woman of crotchets and isms—a woman of conscience and spirituality; but I have untold faith in her.

"I believe in other things too. Money, luxury, and position are in my creed. I believe in them with all my soul.

"Are my articles of faith antagonistic? They are like my other tenets. I believe in fate. I believe also in free-will. Am I asked to reconcile my creed? I shrink back powerless. I can not do it."

In the softened light that came through windows of crimson, and gold, and blue, and purple, Rebecca Dean and Ben Mack sat, settling questions for a lifetime.

People called them lovers now. He was so deferential to her, and she so exceeding kind to him. Only the night before they had parted with hands that clasped unwillingly, and last words lingeringly said. Only the night before; and with the morning, Rebecca Dean brought one of her dissatisfied, self-searching moods to the little Gothic church with her.

Roger Hayden occupied the pulpit, a man with deep, brown eyes, a face bronzed with Indian suns, and tones that thrilled and electrified.

Rebecca Dean knew of the struggles of his life, and had christened him Napoleon. This morning, as she listened, she christened him anew, and the new name was Martin Luther. Here was a man whose faith must become manifest power in spite of earth and hell, for its source and end was God. Listening with her heart throbbing with last night's memory, her nerves quivering with the consciousness of a life somewhat out of tune, and her soul in cordial sympathy with the man whose life was faith. Rebecca Dean saw what her life would miss mated with Ben Mack. She did not look his way. She would not meet his eye. All the forces of attraction and repulsion that for five years had kept her life revolving around one point resolved themselves into a power that drove her from that centre forever.

And Ben Mack, with his eyes on Roger Hayden and his thoughts on Rebecca Dean, held in his pocket the memorandum-book with a new entry:

"I declare again my faith in Rebecca Dean.

"I have just drawn a note for ninety days. When the days of grace are over I shall believe in money even more than to-night I believe in Rebecca Dean. That settles my destiny. I shall take the first train that will bear me to a wife with fortune and away forever from Rebecca Dean."

It was hard work to keep that resolution looking at Rebecca. It would be harder yet to speak to her, and Ben Mack left the church before the service was concluded.

Straight through the village ran the road Rebecca Dean and Ben Mack had always taken from the church. Over the hill was another winding road, and, lest she should meet her lover, Rebecca took that way.

Suddenly, in a turn in the road, Rebecca Dean came face to face with Ben Mack. The intention of each to avoid the other was apparent; and, with a memory of the last night's parting, Rebecca Dean said, as if in excuse and justification:

"Women are wise on a sudden."

And Ben Mack, looking after the woman whom most of all he loved, and whom he had forever lost, finished the proverb:

"And fools on premeditation."

In that moment Ben Mack lost faith in himself and was afloat; for that faith had been his anchor hitherto.

Napoleon found Waterloo and afterward St. Helena.

Ben Mack's life has in it both its Waterloo and St. Helena.

Columbus discovered the New World, but men call it America.

Ben Mack was the first invader into Rebecca Dean's heart; but the world calls her by the name of Hayden.

She has married a missionary.

WHAT BIRDS HAVE TAUGHT US.

Of all animals the bones of birds are largest in proportion to their weight, and are more hollow than those of animals which do not fly. Engineers, taking the hint, make *hollow rods* or *tubes*, and find them stronger than solid ones of the same length and quantity of matter; the strength is in proportion to the thickness, and if the figure is the same the hollow rod is thicker than the solid one.

Vessels of shallow draught are sometimes furnished with *lee-boards* and *sliding-keels*, whose surfaces, though parallel to the line of the vessel's course, enable her to carry a heavy press of sail without giving way under the side pressure, or making lee-way, so great is the resistance against the rapidly passing body of water, which can not be deflected sideways at a high speed. These contrivances act precisely on the same principle as the plane or wing-surface of a bird when moving in air.

The wings of birds, again, have the front or leading edge rendered rigid by bone, cartilage, or a thickening of the membrane; and in most birds of perfect flight even the individual feathers are formed upon the same condition. In consequence of this, when the wing is waved in air, it gives a persistent force in one direction, caused by the elastic reaction of the following portion of the edge. The action is imitated in Mackintosh's *screw-propeller*, the blade of which is made of thin steel, so as to be elastic. While the vessel is stationary the blades are in a line with the keel, but during rotation they bend on one side, more or less, according to the speed and degree of propulsion required, and are thus self-compensating; and could practical difficulties be overcome, would prove to be a form of propeller perfect in theory.

Various little implements and instruments have been or may have been suggested by other parts of a bird's body. Bishop Wilkins informs us that "*Carden* and *Scaliger* doe unanimously affirm that there is a bird amongst the Indians of so great a bignesse, that his beak is often used to make a *sheath* or scabbard for a sword." The bill of the woodpecker is a very good *chisel*, straight, hard, and sharp, with edges too upon the sides. The bird is called the carpenter of the woods, and when working at a tree he will provide you with a bushel of chips or dust. He possesses also a very long tongue tipped with hairs, and uses the instrument as a sort of *camel-hair pencil*. In the lower half of its beak there is a receptacle containing a glutinous fluid; and dipping the brush into this, he shoots it into the hole he has bored into a dead or decaying tree, and brings it out covered with insects. The oven-bird is the most ancient of potters. The material of which its nest is made is principally mud or clay obtained from the river banks, but it is strengthened and stiffened by the admixture of grass, vegetable fibres, and stems of various plants. The heat of the sun is sufficient to harden it, and when it has been thoroughly dried, it is so strong that it seems more like the handiwork of some novice at *pottery* than a veritable nest constructed by a bird, the fierce heat of the tropical sun baking the clay nearly as hard as a brick. The bird called the lanceolate honey-eater may be regarded as the first maker of *hammocks*, its nest being of hammock-like shape, and slung just as a seaman slings his oscillating couch.

Then, as to mere shapes, all sorts of *flasks* and *bottles* and *retorts* are anticipated in the nests of our feathered friends. The nest of the mahali weaver-bird of South Africa bears considerable resemblance to a Florence oil-flask, supposing the neck to be shorter and wider, the body longer, and the whole flask enlarged to three times its usual size. The nest of the penduline titmouse is of flask-like shape, the larger end hanging downward, so that at a little distance it looks like a huge pear with a rather long stem. The fairy-martin of Australia always builds a nest resembling a flask or retort, the neck being from seven to ten inches long, and the diameter of the bulb from four to seven inches. The baya sparrow of Ceylon makes a nest of a variable shape; but often it resembles a bottle woven of long grass and suspended from the extremity of a flexible branch.

Perhaps the best weaver is the Baltimore oriole. This bird chooses the ends of high bending branches for its nest, and begins in a forked twig by fastening strong strings of hemp or flax around both branches of the fork, just as far apart as the width of the nest is to be. He then, with the same kind of strings, mixed in with pieces of loose tow, weaves a strong firm kind of cloth, which is like the hatter's felt in appearance, only that you can see that the nest is woven, not felted. In this way he makes a pouch or purse, six or seven inches deep, and lines it on the inside with several soft things, which he weaves into the outside netting. The walls are then strengthened with horse-hair, as before stated.

In a beaver or felt hat the wool or hair is not woven, but mixed until the hooks and projections of the hairs themselves take hold of one another. There are several birds very expert at making felt, their nests having the appearance of a piece of hatter's felt, or double-milled woollen cloth, being carded together into one mass, though the fabric is less close and solid. The question of the priority of the invention, if contested between the hatters and the birds, might fairly be held to depend on the relative antiquity of the disputants, and then the birds would carry off the palm. The chaffinch and goldfinch make nests of felt, collecting the hairs from fields where cows are pastured. But the most curious felt-makers reside in Africa. The Cape tit builds a nest in shape like a bottle of India rubber, and in texture as thick as a coarse worsted stocking. It is made of cotton and down and other things felted together.

Although the birds have no hand in making their own dresses, yet by their means nature has given us hints both as to *dress* and *ornament*. In some parts of Arctic America the inhabitants make themselves coats of bird-skins, which are worn with the feathers inside. Cocks' feathers are worn in plumes by the soldiers in France, as also by the American Indians; and are sometimes introduced into the hats of children and ladies of this country. If our readers desire further information on the nests of birds, they will find in Mr. Wood's fascinating book* a perfect store-house. But in this paper we can give nothing more than hints: our space is limited, and we must even now sound the note of retreat, devoting only one sentence to the notes of the cuckoo. This bird may be said to have done much for musical science; for the *minor scale*, the origin of which has puzzled so many, has been, or might have been, derived from the little singer, its couplet being the minor third sung downward.

MATTERS OF FORM.

"That is all; you need not take the trouble to read it; you would not understand it if you did. All you have to do is to sign your name at the bottom; there, where the pencil mark is. A mere matter of form!" You do not like to appear obstinate or pudding-headed; or to show mistrust of the lawyer or secretary on whose integrity you have every reason to rely. Perhaps you are indolent, and shrink from the trouble of investigation; or you have a peculiar hatred of being singular, or of affecting to be wiser than your fellow-creatures. Or, perhaps, you prefer a little jump in the dark to a confession that you can not see. Whatever your motive, the chances are that you say in a jocular tone, through which a suspicion of nervous uneasiness betrays itself, "No responsibility or risk, I suppose?" And once more reassured on that point, you sign. Well, in nineteen cases out of twenty, you hear no more of the matter; on the twentieth occasion you may find yourself in a very unpleasant predicament.

But that is a trifle: if idleness and carelessness only affected the idle and careless individual the punishment would be rather a good thing. But unfortunately a large proportion of our national, social, and pecuniary muddles emanates from that habit of satisfying conscience with a ceremony. Why are work-houses sometimes turned into lazar-houses, full of nameless horrors, moral and physical? How is it that private lunatic asylums are occasionally used as traps for the inconveniently sane? What is the real cause of the state of bankruptcy to which our best paying railways have been wantonly brought? Is it not because guardians, inspectors, directors, have assumed responsibility for the acts of their subordinates over which they have had no real control, and have contented themselves with signing papers, listening to reports, making periodical and conventional inspections, pocketing fees, and discussing—well, luncheons? Amateur work is very often bad enough, but half-paid work is almost always scurvily done.

What does one pledge one's self to on taking a degree? If we remember rightly, a lot of men join hands, and one reads something in Latin, while the others make responses in the same language, and not ten per cent. have an inkling of what it is about. There is a hazy notion that one pledges himself not to set fire to the public library—perhaps the prohibition is extended to the river.

Is it a necessary drawback to a high state of civilization that we should all be forced into perpetual white lying? Or have conventional fashions of speaking any deteriorating effect upon us after we become accustomed to them? It seems like Quaker squeamishness to object to heading a letter to a man you dislike "My dear So-and-so;" or to finish an epistle in which you decline to do what a correspondent wants with "Yours obediently;" and yet another form would surely be preferable.

Surely it is hardly creditable to a Christian nation that the act of standing sponsor should have degenerated into a mere form, tempered by silver mugs. And yet one might really almost parody an old sarcasm, and say that it is a wise godfather who knows his own godchildren.

No doubt, we have reformed ourselves considerably of late years. We have reduced the amount of unnecessary swearing. But, after all, it is only a few loads that have been carted away from the mountain dust-heap of humbug which smothers modern society. And it is certainly difficult enough to see how we are ever to get rid of it. Forms are introduced which are good, and, perhaps, even necessary for the existing generation; but as time passes the habits, relations, and opinions of men alter so completely that these forms, which are endowed with the excessive vitality of all low organizations, survive in their meaningless, soulless condition, and become positively mischievous. For when ceremonies and symbols no longer excite respect they excite contempt. Taking a legal oath is still a serious matter to most outsiders; but men who are obliged to swear professionally every day of their lives can not think much of it. No doubt the average policeman, like every other honest man, tries to be truthful; but it is very doubtful whether kissing the book can have any effect upon his veracity. What wonder if the honor of the corps and consistency of statement should appear of much more importance to his mind than a squeamish adherence to the exact verbal accuracy required by his oath?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

After so many editions of winter it is pleasant to have a foreshadowing of warmer weather, even if it comes in the shape of April showers. To be sure, we must not be surprised—such an unprecedented year has it been—to wake up any morning and see the ground white, and snow-flakes flying through the air. Some, who fancy they have kept the reckoning, say that there have been forty-two snow-storms this season; while others have considered it the easiest and most accurate method to classify our "snows" under the head of "things too numerous to mention." Some predict a novelty in the shape of a snow-storm on the Fourth of July; while others in the colder sections of the country aver that their snow-banks will scarcely disappear before the first of August. However this may be, we must also be prepared for hot days to burst upon us suddenly. The springing grass and opening buds, as well as the sultry atmosphere and sudden showers, herald them.

And there are other indications of warm weather which a great and populous city like New York should blush to give to her own citizens, and to the myriad of strangers who throng her streets. When the alarm sounded that cholera, swift-winged and relentless, was flying toward these shores, our city bestirred itself, and to a good degree extirpated unwholesome nuisances from our midst. Regulations were stringent, and even in the pestilential season the air was comparatively pure. Whether cholera, or deadly fever, or any other pestilence threatens us in the uncertain future, we know not; but certain it is, that in many parts of the city the air of spring, which thousands are longing to breathe pure and sweet, is fearfully defiled by bone-boiling and fat-melting establishments, or nuisances of a similar kind. Instead of fresh breezes from the Hudson, the south and south-westerly winds send sickening odors all through the upper and western parts of the city; and those who fail to receive a disagreeable portion may be thankful that their more distant location conceals the dose. The people have a right to complain when God's pure, free air is constantly and deliberately polluted to such an extent that they are *compelled* to breathe nauseating vapors. Nor do we believe any one, individual or corporation, has a right to diffuse through a populous city such disgusting odors as come, in spite of all that is said about chimneys, covers, and similar contrivances, from bone-boiling and fat-melting factories in New York city.

According to one of the Troy papers a terrific gas explosion recently occurred in a private house in that city. A gentleman having noticed the presence of considerable gas in some of the rooms, went into the library to ascertain if it proceeded from that quarter. This room was filled with gas. His son who was with him jumped up on the table and ignited a match for the purpose of testing if there was a leak in or about the chandelier. Instantly when the match was lighted there was a terrific explosion, the report of which was so loud as to be heard three or four blocks off, and exciting attention that distance away. The chandelier was driven down into the table violently. There was only a slight shock in the library where the explosion took place; but up stairs the concussion was so great as to break out four lights of heavy plate-glass from the windows, and still more strange a servant girl standing on the front stoop was precipitated down the stoop flying, with broom in hand, by the force of the explosion! The library escaped material damage, while the wall and ceiling of the adjoining parlor were considerably scorched. The room was speedily in a blaze, and the flame was not finally subdued until a thoughtful neighbor, who was called in by the alarmed girl, shut off the gas at the meter. The leak was probably from the pipe.

Chloroform can not always be safely administered. Indeed, it is quite a prevalent opinion that those who have any weakness of the lungs should never take it. Considerable excitement has been created in Portland by a recent death from the effects of chloroform. A man about forty-five years of age, said to be affected with consumption, went to the rooms of a dentist, and requested him to extract a tooth, but previously to administer chloroform to deaden the sense of pain. This was done, and the tooth taken out, when the man seemed to revive, but soon thereafter relapsed and appeared dying. Every effort of medical skill was exerted to prevent a fatal result, but he died in a short time. An inquest was held, and a thorough examination of the case has been ordered to be made.

Numerous are the methods devised for obtaining money by worthless knaves in this city, who are too lazy to engage in any honest occupation. A lady recently missed her porte-monnaie soon after she was seated in an omnibus. There was great but unavailing search; and, as she had not paid her fare, a gentleman benevolently gave her a ten-cent piece for the purpose. The same gentleman presently left the omnibus, and it was afterward ascertained that he was the pickpocket. Another lady, being suddenly overtaken by a shower, accepted the shelter of an umbrella while on her way to a car. But she presently found that her pocket had been robbed by her gentlemanly-looking protector. A short time ago a young man, while playing a game of cards with some casual acquaintances, took a glass of soda-water. Having drank a part, he put the glass down for a moment and continued his game. After drinking the remainder he complained of feeling ill, and said he must return to his lodgings. His *friends* accompanied him—but next morning he was found half insensible in his room, from which every thing of value had been removed. The soda-water had been drugged. A young Irishman, looking for a situation, saw an advertisement in the morning paper, stating that a young man could obtain a good situation by calling at a specified place. On going to the place designated he was blandly invited to be seated, by a bejeweled and bewhiskered individual. "Is the situation filled?" inquired the applicant. "Not yet," was the reply. "I have two situations, either of which would be desirable to you, I have no doubt," proceeded the man of the gold chain. "One of them is in the Merchants' Union Express Company, and the other on the police. Now, young man, my way of doing business is this: I require $25 in hand, and when this is paid the berth I promise is insured to you. Can you came down with the stamps?—you know either is worth a great deal more to you." The youth, though poor, at length agreed to give the money, taking a receipt that it should be refunded in case no employment was procured. But no employment was forthcoming; nor could he get the money back without taking the matter into court. A couple of gentlemanly appearing individuals engaged a suit of rooms of a lady in New Orleans, paying one hundred dollars in advance. On the next morning after their arrival the maid-servant, on going to put the rooms in order, found that bedsteads, sofas, chairs, curtains, ornaments, *every thing*, including the new lodgers, had vanished to parts unknown. And the landlady, on examining—with the help of a more experienced friend—the hundred dollar note taken as prepayment, found it to be a counterfeit.

What a delightful place Pittsburg must be to live in! According to a recent visitor the inhabitants live on coal smoke and floating cinders. They breathe smoke, eat smoke, chew smoke, and carry it in their pockets! "Little boys and girls"—we quote from our authority—"stand on the corners with wet brooms and sponges to wash people's faces for five cents. Every body is of a color in Pittsburg. At the post-office window the clerk distinguishes people by certain signs, it being impossible to see their faces for the layers of coal dust and smoke. Every one wears mourning in Pittsburg. People feel their way by door-knobs, and read by raised type. Bed-clothes are unknown in Pittsburg—leave the window open and sheets of smoke settle on you like a newspaper from a machine press. Some few years since some snow fell into the city through the cloud of smoke—the smoke was not hurt, but the snow looked sick! Men carry lanterns to see to shake hands. When looking at a watch to see the hour it is the fashion to light a match."

A shocking accident—a repetition of the Angola tragedy—has occurred on the Erie Railroad, the particulars of which have been universally reported and read with sad interest. Wholesale slaughters are becoming everyday occurrences. On the New Haven Railroad an accident of a different character took place, which we record, in the hope that it may prove a warning to boys, or any others who carelessly or recklessly expose their lives. As the train was passing Tremont station a boy named Richard Gallagher attempted to cross the track just in front of the engine. His foot slipping, in consequence of the snow, he was caught by the cow-catcher and thrown a distance of twenty feet into the air, falling on his head and instantly breaking his neck, causing death without hardly a struggle. He was a steady, industrious boy, and was only fifteen years of age. It is said that he was frequently in the habit of crossing the line, out of bravado, just in front of the approaching trains, and has now fallen a victim to his temerity.

Nicknames abound at the South, although it is difficult to see any points of beauty in them, even if they *are* ingenious. The Reconstruction Convention in Florida was called "The Black-and-Tan Convention;" that of Georgia, "The Unconstitutional Convention;" that in Mississippi, "the Miscegenation Convention," or "The Reconstruction Menagerie:" that in South Carolina, "The Ring-streaked and Striped Negro Convention;" that in North Carolina, "The Gorilla Bayonet Convention;" that in Virginia, "The Bones and Banjo Convention."

"Nonplusultragicomifantasticomimicopiroteenicomilitaredanzantequestreginnasticarmonica Arizone" is the name of a play performed on the Grand Square of Turin to some thirty thousand people on Carnival-day. And "Mephilipenotrasecomomento" is the name given to a new musical instrument on the other side of the Atlantic.

People do better in the long-run to stick to their own business. Every body can not be expected to know every thing, though general information on common matters is a very good thing, even for ministers. In proof of which is the case of a good old minister in Western Massachusetts, who thought to economize by making his own sugar. After the first run from his sugar place, he called on a parishioner and told him that while every one else got much sap and nice sugar, Providence frowned on his trees; they gave little sap and very queer sugar. The parishioner visited the minister's orchard, and found spruce, hemlocks, birch, and all suitably large trees included in his operations.

A desperate attempt was made, a week or two ago, by a woman in a Chicago station-house to commit suicide. In the first place she hung herself, and was cut down alive; then she thrust her head into a sink full of water to drown herself, and was dragged away; and finally set her clothes on fire at the gas-light, and a policeman was much burned in trying to save her.

In Detroit the wife of a respectable mechanic died, apparently after a short illness, and the body was prepared for the grave and put into the coffin. During the ensuing night, one of the watchers thought she would try the experiment of placing a mirror on the face of the dead. To her surprise she discovered moisture on the glass. After repeating the experiment with the same result, she called the attention of others to this sign of life, and in the morning it was determined to defer the funeral. The body remained in the coffin several days, and on the fifth day from the day of her supposed death the signs of life were so many that the body was placed in bed, where, after some days, she recovered life and warmth, and finally opened her eyes and spoke; and is now in a fair way to recover.

The "Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital," at the corner of Washington and Johnson streets, is a new charity which has just begun its good work of relieving suffering. All the diseases of the eye and ear will be treated gratuitously at this institution, and it will be open daily for outside patients and for the reception of such as need special attention within its walls. Dr. Agnew is the senior medical officer of the hospital, and the Board of Directors is composed of many well-known and reliable gentlemen.

The proprietor of the extensive India-rubber works in College Point, Mr. Conrad Poppenhusen, has lately given that town $100,000 in cash and a vast area of property for religious, educational, and social purposes, and has refrained from giving any directions about the disposal of this great amount of property, leaving this to a board of trustees, to be elected by the citizens of College Point.

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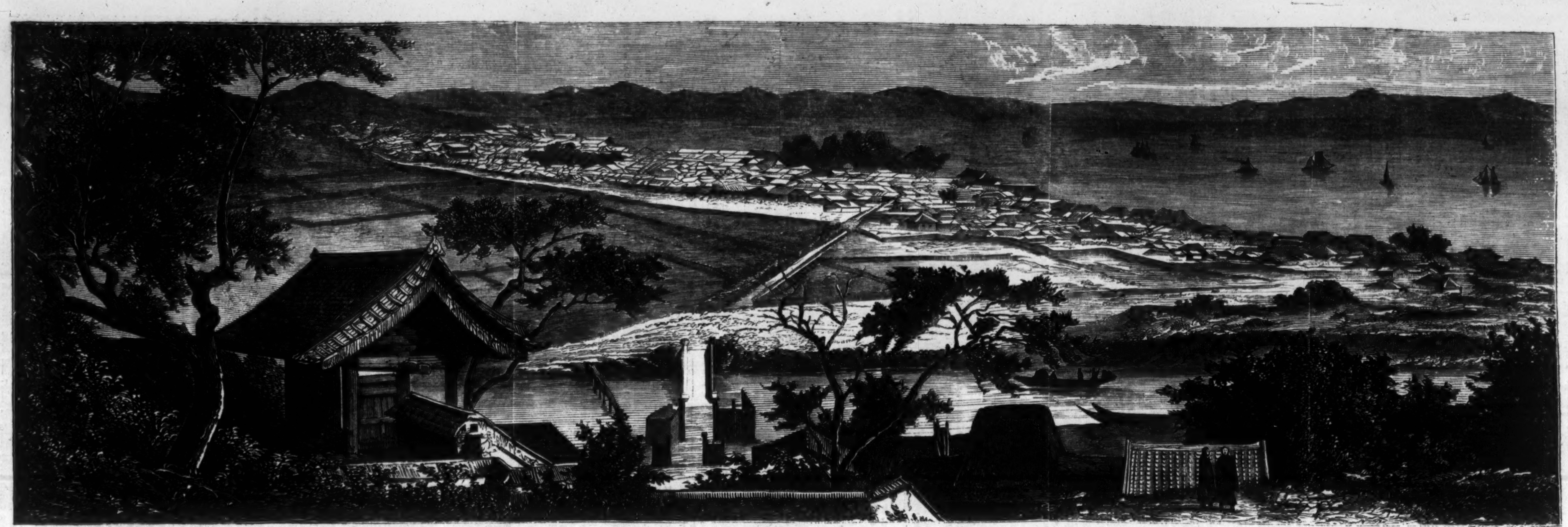
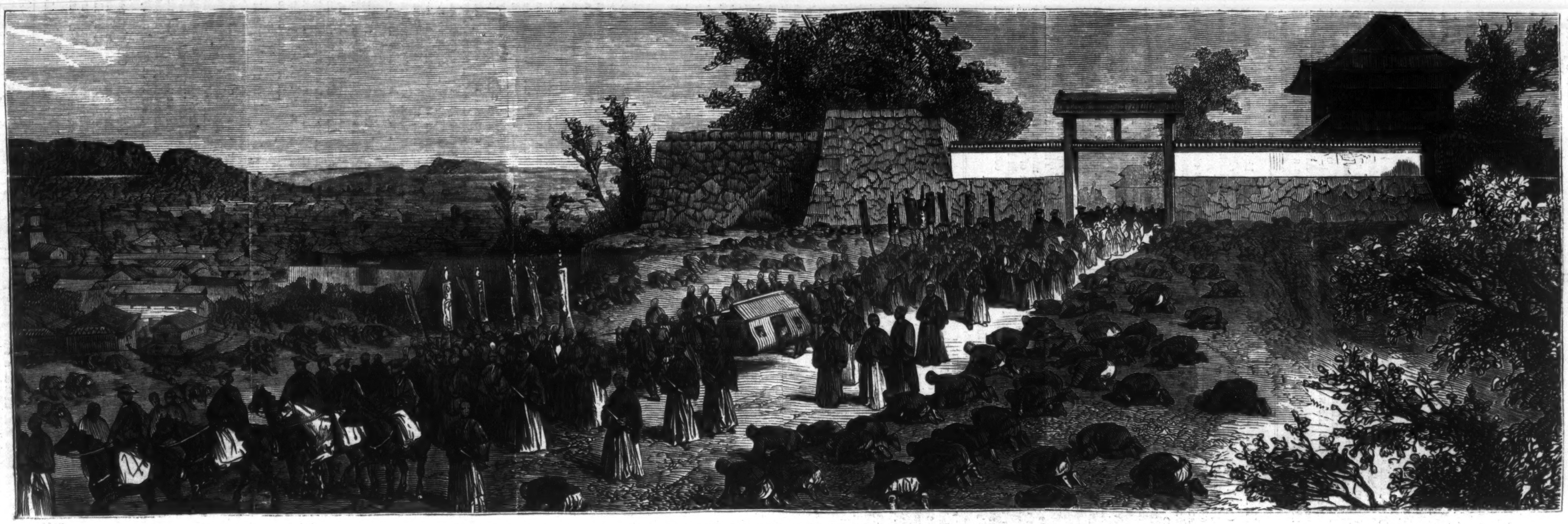
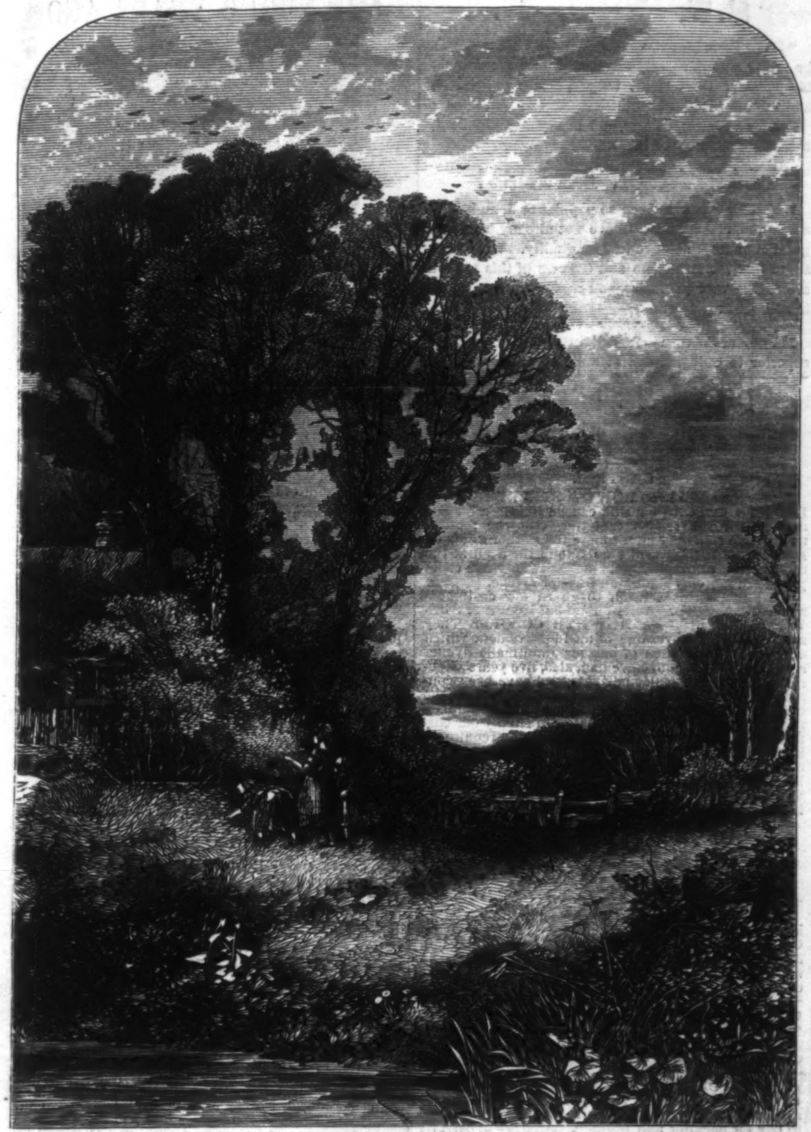
* "Homes without Hands: being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S." Harper & Brothers, 1866.



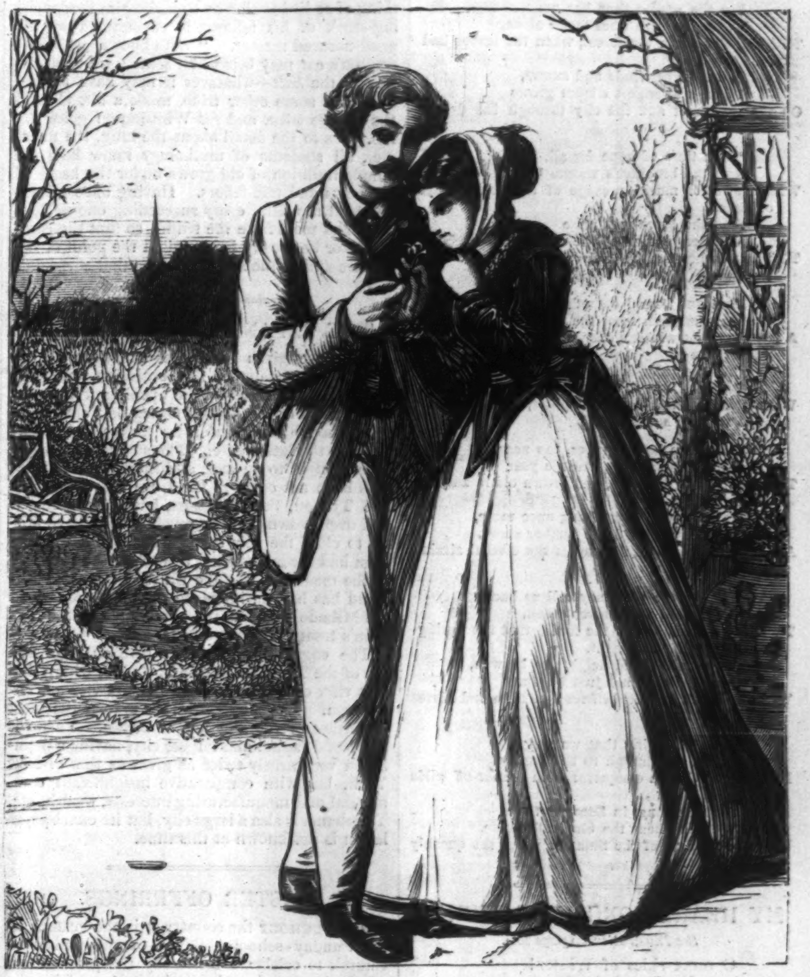
THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION—VIEW OF THE CITY OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.—[See Page 286.]



THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION—PALACE OF THE TYCOON AND VIEW OF JEDDO.—[See Page 286.]



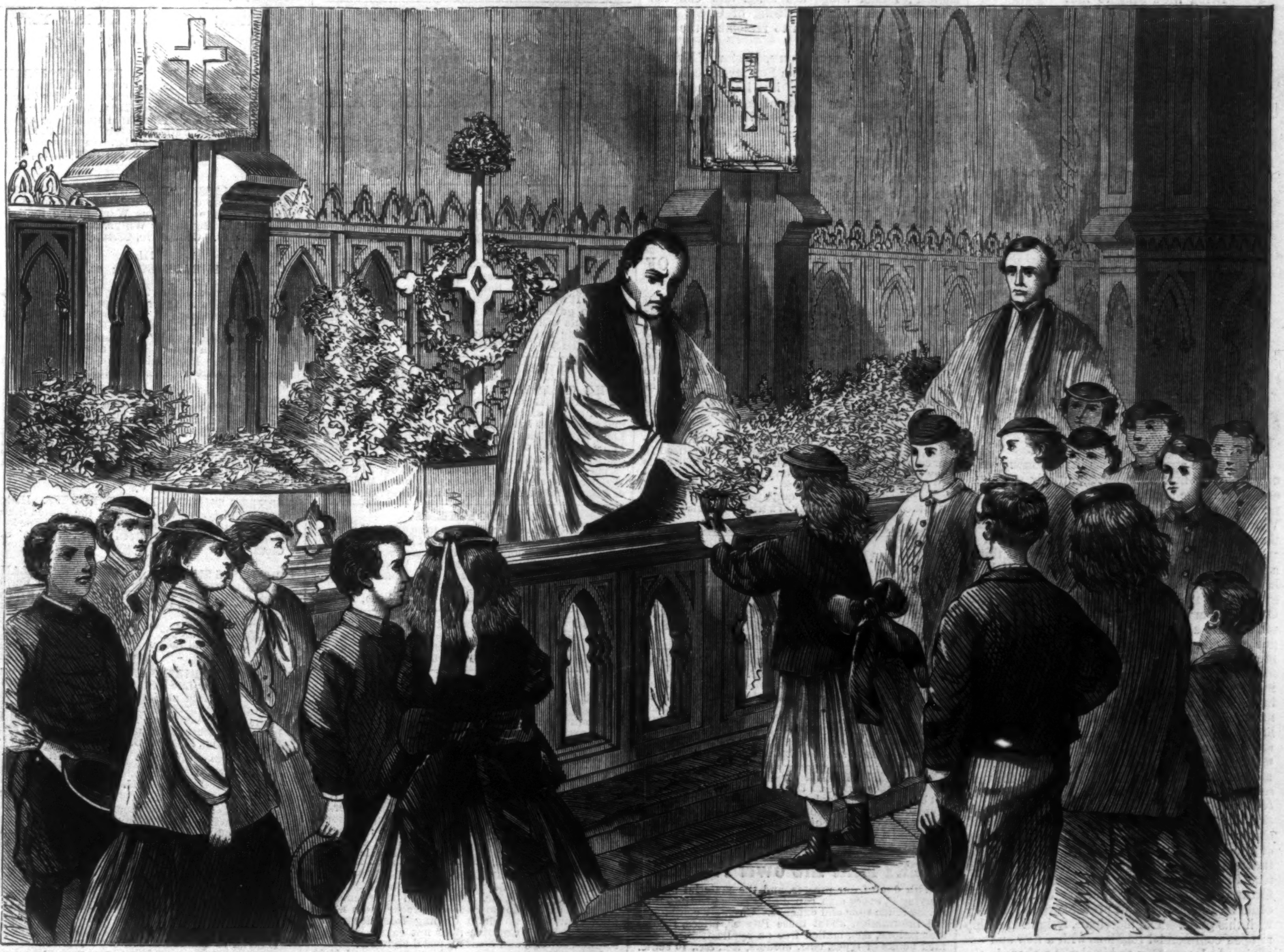
"MY HEART SIGHS FOR SPRING."—[See Poem, Page 286.]



SPRING—"And the lover sees arise warmer passion to the eyes."

With the coronal of Spring,
Comes the cuckoo on the wing,
From a shore with fairer wavelets and a sunnier, sweeter land,
And the earth smiles out again,
All her fair face wet with rain,
And the flow'rets in her bosom with the Spring's fresh breezes fann'd.

And the hazel tassels high
Hang between us and the sky,
While the blackbird and the throstle have a newer, louder song,
As they sing beside the stream,
Where its tiny waters gleam,
That were lately held ice-fetter'd when the winter nights were long.



CHILDREN OF TRINITY CHURCH, BROOKLYN, MAKING THEIR EASTER OFFERINGS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 286.]

For the winter time has gone,
When the bare trees stood alone,
'Mid the sadness in the forest, when the leaves had died away.
The time of winds and snows,
When a strangest silence grows
On the woodland and the city through the dreary winter day.

'Tis a time of hope for all,
And the brooklet's waters fall
With a sweeter music, presage of the golden days of June;
And the lover sees arise
Warmer passion to the eyes,
That he watches 'neath the silver of full many a waning moon.

And one herald cometh forth,
On a mission from the North,
A fair sign that winter's over, and we welcome back the flow'rs;
'Tis the snow-drop, with the white
Maiden-bells, that greets our sight,
When the leaden skies grow lighter, with the Winter's waning hours.

There are haply graves, too near,
Those who left us, ere the year
That forever has departed, had grown old in autumn days;
Can we wish them back once more,
Who have gain'd the further shore,
And are swelling with the angels the eternal strains of praise?

Though the past may call us back
On the old well-beaten track,
There are high hopes for the future that the Spring-time days have brought.
There are proud heights to be won,
And the year has just begun,
With the music from its belfries by a thousand echoes caught.

And 'tis fitting that we sing
Songs of triumph to the Spring,
For he cometh as a conqueror from the far-off wilds of snow,
And ere long, in Summer time,
We shall hear the blue-bell chime,
With the fullness of the Summer when the queenly roses blow.

MY HEART LONGS FOR SPRING.

See Illustration on page 285.

O gray skies of Winter!
O how my heart longs
For the warm airs of April,
Its green elms and songs!
O come, O blithe swallow!
Sing, brown thrush, O sing,
Our woodlands to wind-flowers!
My heart longs for Spring.
For Spring my heart's longing;
O come, booming bee!
My heart pines for sunshine,
Bring life's May to me!

With streams white and frozen
To stillness and death,
With boughs brown and lifeless,
I long for Spring's breath.
O May, whose dear whispers,
Bright laughs and leaves bring,
With them, my heart's longing,
And pining for Spring;
My frozen thoughts weary;
My numbed fancies long
To dance through the sunshine,
And laugh into song.

O happy South! lingers
Our dear one with thee!
Swift, swift haste her hither,
Our gladdener to be!
O send her the silver
Of daisies to bring!
With cuckoos' soft name-calls,
Haste hither, O Spring!
Our orchards are bloomless,
Our woodlands are dumb,
Till, sister of Summer,
Thou, joy-bringer, come.

CURIOUS DERIVATION OF A STRANGE PHRASE.

Among the strange phrases in use among sailors, which at first sight appear utterly senseless and silly, is one applied to the victim of sea-sickness, who is said to be "shooting the cat." What possible connection can there be between the overt act alluded to and the destruction of a "harmless, necessary animal?" The first thing a man in search of what school-boys call a "deri" has to do, is to settle in what language he must look for it. We have not far to go for the cat. Our sea-terms, especially those of the mercantile marine, are almost all of either Dutch or Portuguese origin, these two nations having been our precursors in over-sea commerce. That which for many years past we have decided upon calling the ships *cargo* (from the latter language) was in earlier days sometimes designated by the Dutch name of *katt*, the tradition of which still remains in our naturalized tea-*caddy* and *katty*-packages, employed to this day; and also in the English word *cat*, which is used for a coasting-vessel, the name of the thing carried being given to the vessel carrying, just as *packet* is short for *packet-boat*. To "shoot the cargo" is a common expression for disburdening a ship of its load; and shows the aptness of the metaphor to the misery of the sea. But an amusing corollary to this theorem has been suggested. Was not this the true *katt* which laid the first foundation of the fortunes of Lord Mayor Whittington? Nothing could be simpler or more probable than the story with this gloss. The merchant, freighting a ship to open commercial relations with a new and unexplored place, offers to his clerks a share in the venture. The poorest of them, bringing something of so little value as to make him the laughing-stock of his fellows, is encouraged by his good-natured master. "Who knows but Whittington's *cat* may bring him some good return?" In fact the *katt*—whatever it may have been—beads, or some other trifle, made a hit, pleased the savage tribe, and set Whittington going for life. As to the detail about the king, the mice, etc., all students of mythology know how the simple tradition of old grows under the hand of the poets and tale-tellers. Having once misunderstood the data, every succeeding one departs more and more from the truth; so that the commentator has to try back to find the point of departure amidst the maze of fiction that surrounds

THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION.

We have given in former Numbers of the *Weekly* the details of the revolution in Japan, which was produced by the opening of the new treaty ports of Hiogo and Osaca on January 1, 1868, though the particulars were not brought down to the latest date. The struggle has since been brought to an end, and though the full details have not come to hand, we know that the late Tycoon, Stots Bashi, has been defeated and overthrown, but the revolutionists have failed to close the new treaty ports which the Tycoon had thrown open. Doubtless the presence of the men-of-war of the United States and England has had an influence on the Damios and the Mikado as far as the observance of the Tycoon's treaty was concerned.

The engravings which we give on page 284 are of the Tycoon's Palace at Yeddo, with a distant view of that city, and a general view of Yokohama. These two cities are among the most important of the kingdom of Japan. Yeddo is its second capital and largest city, having a population very nearly twice as great as that of New York, but with comparative insignificant commercial and manufacturing interests, wealth, etc. Yokohama is also a large city, but its exact population is not known at this time.

EASTER OFFERINGS.

Throughout the country it is the custom of the Sunday-school children of the Episcopal Church to celebrate Easter by the presentation of offerings or donations of money, which, as a general thing, is used for missionary purposes. The different classes assume appropriate names, such as "The Cheerful Givers," the "Young Missionaries," "Children of Hope," and other titles which are, as a general thing, selected by the children composing the classes. A motto, generally a verse of Scripture, is selected, and some emblem is arranged that will illustrate the text. Flowers are often selected to represent the subject; Easter songs are sung, and children celebrate each year the Rising of Christ in a manner that enables them to remember the season as a joyful one.

The Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, Pastor of Trinity Church, Brooklyn, told the Sunday-school children that their offerings of last Easter had paid more than half the expense of erecting a church in the far West. Five hundred children attend the Sunday-school of the Church of the Holy Trinity; their offering on Easter Sunday was nearly eleven hundred dollars, which sum will be devoted to the erection of a mission-chapel in one of the suburbs of Brooklyn. Our illustration on page 285 is of a scene which took place in this church on last Easter Sunday.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion—the first volume of which is now complete—is for sale by James McGill, Valparaiso, Chili. Mr. McGill is taking orders for the work on the west coast of South America. The second and concluding volume will be issued in a few weeks.

We are assured that the firm of Eastman & Kendall, 65 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass., advertised in our columns, is trustworthy and reliable. For 10 cents they send a patent pen fountain, and a check describing an article to be sold for $1. Their club system of selling goods is becoming quite popular, particularly with the ladies. It is worthy of a trial.—*Buffalo Gazette.*

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We publish this caution to guard our customers against imposition. Accept none but HOWE & STEVENS'S PATENT FAMILY DYE COLORS. They are the original inventors of an improvement which originated this branch of business, and made dyeing a domestic art. They have had, also, five years' experience in this particular business, and have been constantly improving the quality of their Dyes. All the colors, both in liquid and powder form, are manufactured by the undersigned, and we can supply our customers with either. The liquids do not require so much time in dyeing; but the powder colors will color the most goods, and costs the same per package. In coloring blacks, browns, and drabs, we would advise the use of the powder colors in preference to the liquid, unless for ribbons or some very small article.

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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

There were no Railroads—
Not even a Horse-Car;
Only one Church in Brooklyn;
Ferry-Boats not running;
Wall Street, New York, a Slave-Market;
Not a Telegraph Wire;
Not even Wolcott's Pain Paint;
New York *Herald* not printed;
Harper's Weekly unknown;
Grant had not smoked a cigar;
Horace Greeley and Jeff. Davis unborn;
No President to Impeach;
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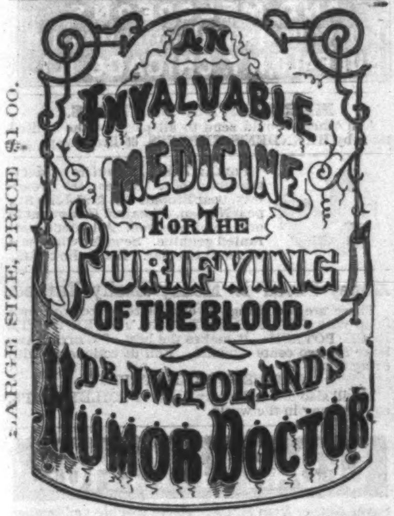

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P.S.—I enclose you a letter to show you how well your watches pass for gold:

C. S. Critenden, Vicksburg, Miss.: February 16, 1868.

I received the beautiful watch you sent me. It is a nice present, for which accept the kind regards of your old comrade. You will not think hard of me when I tell you that I sold the watch for $150, and with this money I will visit you. Please order another watch for me in your name. I will be in Vicksburg next week, and I believe, if you will assist me, I will speculate a little in watches. Don't you think my old left hand is improving? I wonder where my poor right arm is. Send for a chain. Your old comrade, TOM.

LIME STATION, S. R. & D. R. R.
Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: SHELBY COUNTY, ALABAMA, February 17, 1868.

GENTS,—The watch you expressed to me on the 20th of January came to hand all right (except crystal broken). I regulated it. I am well pleased with it. It keeps as good time as one of P. S. Bartlett's best patent levers. I have shown it to a good many, and they pronounce it a good watch and no humbug.
Respectfully yours, C. M. DALRYMPLE.

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Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FREDERICKTOWN, MO., December 14, 1867.

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P.S.—You may expect a larger order from myself and friends soon. C. A. P.

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The watch ordered by express came to hand to-day. I am well pleased with its appearance, and if it keeps actual time I am perfectly satisfied. In the mean time I wish to order two for my friends, of the same quality as the one sent me. Respectfully, A. W. BELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, December 2, 1868.

DEAR SIRS,—I received the watch which I ordered all safe, some days ago, and I must say it fully exceeded my expectation: it is all and more than I could desire for the money. So far it keeps very good time.
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